

Goodbye, Midge



Dear Midge,

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about this soap
you should know
we were all there
and

Well, they are just
all the religious folk,
why would you
not want them?



movie

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MONSTERS

2001: A
SPACE ODYSSEY
DOC SAVAGE
FRANKENSTEIN
RODAN
ONE MILLION
YEARS, B.C.
and more...



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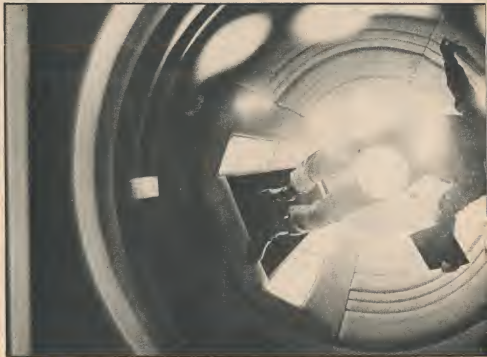


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MOVIE MONSTERS Volume 1, Number 2 Feb. 1975 is published monthly with the exception of March, July and Dec. by Seaboard Periodicals, Inc., executive offices and office of publication, 717 Fifth Avenue, New York City, New York 10022. Subscriptions in U.S., Canada and possessions \$9.00 for 9 issues, copyright © 1975 Seaboard Periodicals, Inc. All rights reserved. MOVIE MONSTERS is a trademark of Seaboard Periodicals, Inc. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.



Keir Dullea makes his way toward the omnipresent eye of computer HAL 9000.



2001: A Space Odyssey



Ask anyone what is the best science-fiction film ever made. He will probably say it's 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY!

Undeniably, it is the most visually exciting, most expensive, and most controversial science-fiction movie of the century. But the best? That is something into which we must look.

It all started back in 1964 when Stanley Kubrick bought Arthur C. Clarke's short story *The Sentinel* for film adaptation. Kubrick made it clear that he wished to work with the scientific scholar on a screenplay based on the plot of the story. From Ceylon, Clarke's reclusive home, came the news that Arthur C. would be happy to collaborate with the award winning director. If Clarke knew what he was about to let himself in for, he would probably have fled home and read, or should I say, written, a good book...

As the novelization of what was to become 2001 continued, Kubrick negotiated with MGM to produce their collaboration. On the strength of his major talent and big box office returns of *SPARTACUS*, *PATHS OF GLORY*, and *DOCTOR STRANGELOVE*, it was finally agreed that, on February 22, 1965, filming would begin on *JOURNEY BEYOND THE STARS* with location sequences in Britain, Switzerland, Africa, Germany and the United States!



The plot for what became 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY was simplicity itself. A giant crystal monolith educated and/or controlled the minds of primitive man to begin his mental and cultural evolution.

Thousands of years later, and only twenty-seven in our own future, the same slab of rock is found on the moon! And it sends signals to Jupiter! Signals that a team of astronauts follow, along with a shipboard computer named HAL (Heuristically Programmed Algorithmic computer) 9000.

After HAL, for seemingly no reason, kills every crewman, save one, the survivor manages to deactivate the muddled machine and travels alone towards Jupiter's surface. Only then does he come face to space with a third monolith, which takes him on an even greater trip than the one he had just experienced! Not a journey of the body, but one of the mind!

No longer content in simply aiding the growth of man, this time the monolith, a symbol of some advanced alien race, completely remakes the astronaut into a new-born Star Child which is sent back to Earth to watch over the planet.

Unfortunately, as two years and the entire budget were consumed by 1966, the movie crew found they were only half finished! Clarke's novelization was already written and ready for publication, but for some reason, Kubrick never "got around" to signing the release papers! (Until after

the movie's release, of course...)

So MGM waited two years at an additional cost of \$4,500,000, (accompanied by a gnashing of Arthur C. Clarke's teeth) for the release of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

During this time the most incredible adventures in cinema experimentation were dealt with! Special actors with unusually thin arms, legs, and hips were recruited for the opening "Dawn of Time" sequence. Beside the discomfort of the confining "ape-man" suits was the added stench of a dead horse! It was painted to resemble a murdered zebra for additional "african atmosphere".

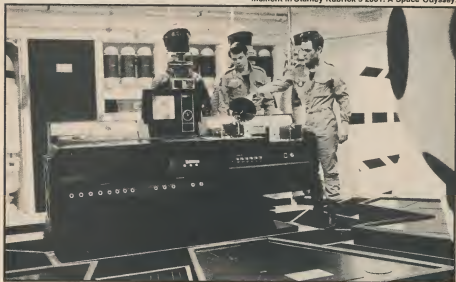
Meanwhile, Douglas Trumbull and Harry Lange were hard at work creating special visual effects and spacecrafts under Kubrick's supervision. Using wood, plexiglass, steel, brass, aluminum, plastic, metal foils, wire tubing, and countless store-bought model kit parts, Lange constructed spaceships and space stations of all sizes and variations!

The MGM set crew was kept happy as well. How would you like to be kept busy bleaching sand over and over, trying to copy the moon's color exactly? And for a sixty by one hundred twenty foot hole as well. That's a lot of colored sand! Or how about constructing a thirty-eight foot revolving wheel for the interior of the space ship Discovery?



The incredible sight of a Pan Am Space Clipper docking with a revolving Space Station millions of miles above the Earth!

Astronauts Bowman and Pool, during a calm moment in Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey.



A mysterious monolith is rediscovered on the moon in the year 2001.

Kubrick's careful attention to detail is in evidence here.



Not that they didn't get help. Honeywell, a leading technical manufacturer, supplied the panels for all interior spacecraft dashboards while firms like Pan Am and Howard Johnson's added their on-screen names and off-screen enthusiasm!

Kubrick, in the mean time, had filled his future with lesser-known acting pros like Keir Dullea, Gary Lockwood, and Douglas Rain (as the voice of HAL). Dullea had been plagued for years by his excellent performance in *DAVID AND LISA* as a mentally ill young man. From then on, as far as Hollywood was concerned, he was crazy. So when the chance came for him to play Astronaut Bowman, Keir leapt at it. Afterwards, Dullea found himself trapped in science-fiction, as evidenced by the tv show—*THE STARLOST*. Thankfully, Broadway, in New York, has appreciated him of late, first in *BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE* and more recently in *CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF*.

Lockwood, on the other hand, had a fairly steady career in tv as *THE LIEUTENANT* and in the pilot of *STAR TREK*, but since his performance as the athletic—but doomed—astronaut Poole, he has rarely been seen in any of the art forms!

The only other semi-major role was that



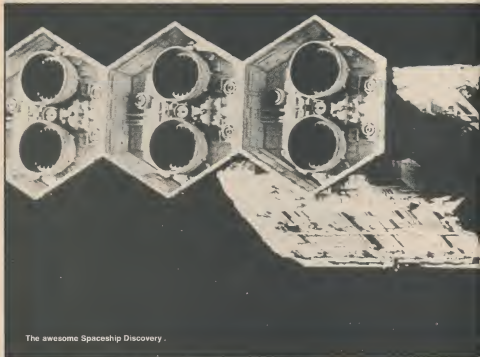
of Dr. Haywood Floyd, played by William Sylvester. He had been seen previously in many films, among them GORG0 and YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

And now we come to HAL, the most talked about voice until Mercedes McCambridge dubbed Reagan's demonic voice in THE EXORCIST. Douglas Rain, Canadian actor, recorded the dialogue in nine and a half hours after the voice of Oscar winning actor Martin Balsam seemed too emotional for Kubrick's tastes. Strangely enough, the two men never even saw an entire script! As you can see, the by-line of the entire four year affair seemed to be "hush-hush". But Kubrick, through HAL, was able to add flesh and blood (or should I say electrodes and plugs) to his skeleton story with the sub-plot of HAL's deterioration.

As many have noticed, HAL is one letter ahead of IBM and, as incredible as it may seem, Clarke, to this day, says it was not intentional! And, further, he seems to be proud of the fact that the odds of it happening accidentally are 17,576 to one! Granted, HAL seemed to be the only oasis of human emotion, strange as that may seem, in the entire ocean of space. Clarke is quick to explain that HAL only mirrors the evil of man.

The filming continued (and continued and





The awesome Spaceship Discovery.

continued) as Trumbull prepared his incredible cosmic "light show" for the climax of the film. Inventing a "slit-scan machine", he was able to create two planes of seemingly infinite exposure. Then taking op-art paintings, architectural drawings, electron microscope photos and printed circuits, he projected them through his device to create effects that people still haven't finished talking about! And would you believe he created the seeming explosions of universes with a combination of chemicals in a pan no bigger than a paperback book in the cellar of a girdle factory in New York?

And, in 1967, Kubrick's final decision on how to create the now-famous Star Child was made. They first filmed a naked boy on black velvet and that wasn't effective enough. So they hired a sculptress to make a clay embryo that the special effects team could copy in fiberglass along with remote controlled eyes!

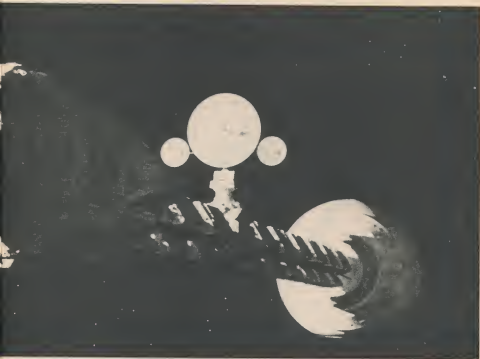
So, finally, in April of 1968, after 205 separate special effects were completed, Kubrick unveiled his film to an invitational audience. Later he would blame their poor reaction on their inability to appreciate the film's originality.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY was something no one had ever seen before, and with the wealth of cinematic traditions broken (regarding

plot and dialogue), can you blame the studio bigwigs for reacting badly? After all, without the stunning effects, what would 2001 be? Would the plot be enough to sustain interest? Could the characters? The future was dehumanized, in this vision, to the extent that the true stars of the film were Stanley Kubrick and his movie techniques. 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, unlike any other "landmark" film, is discussed more in terms of how an effect was achieved, rather than what motivated the characters involved.

And now, they have all gone on to other things. Doug Trumbull has made SILENT RUNNING and is now making a new science fiction epic called PYRAMID in Cinerama. Arthur C. Clarke is back in Ceylon, and has just written an award winning novel with the same basic theme as 2001, but with a less forced feel, called RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA. And Stanley Kubrick, after finishing his second futuristic vision in A CLOCKWORK ORANGE is now completing another top secret "straight" production called BARRY LYNDON.

So what is 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY left to become? In future years, what choice will it become but another DESTINATION: MOON or THIS IS CINERAMA or THINGS TO COME . . . A film losing the race with progress.



EDITORS NOTE:

Contrary to the opinions voiced in the first part of this article, there is no doubt but that 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY will always be viewed a classic, the most important science fiction film since George Melies' A TRIP TO THE MOON created the genre back in 1903.

The film is much flawed, certainly, as must be any wholly innovative work of art. In 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, the emphasis is not on plot but rather, on stirring the intellect through visual impact and abstract symbolism. Never before, in the history of all cinema, has so elaborate and dynamic an experiment been undertaken.

Although Kubrick could have well-strengthened his subplots and not weakened his message (as whatever one construes that message), he compensates for the story-telling lack with astounding, intricate, wholly absorbing visuals. Kubrick realized that film is a pictorial medium, and properly emphasized this aspect of his monumental work.

An audience expecting any sort of entertainment-first science fiction story, ala PLANET OF THE APES, was invariably disappointed.

Aware of the flaws inherent in 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, Kubrick combined its strong points (pictorial eloquence and a theme to exercise a viewer's gray matter) with a story and unique characterization in his next effort, A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. And, to be sure, A CLOCKWORK ORANGE is a better film. Indeed, it's one of the world's great films. But 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY made A CLOCKWORK ORANGE possible. It seasoned audiences for a film that relied upon an episodic, almost inconsequential plotline. Which, perhaps, accounts for the phenomenal success of Walt Disney's FANTASIA. A failure in its initial 1941 release, contemporary screenings of the plotless words-and-picture film have been a rousing success.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY was responsible for it all, and as such, though far from being a perfect film, it is first a classic, a bold venture into previously unapproached film terrain, and second, an astounding technical achievement. It is a film that will be remembered when top grossing, mass oriented films such as THE GODFATHER, SOUND OF MUSIC, and THE STING have been long forgotten.



John Richardson points out prehistoric dangers to the spectacular Raquel Welch during a lull in their life a million years ago.

ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C.

No matter how you look at it, one million years is an awful long time. In terms of planet Earth, that much time would have placed the world back in the Pleistocene age of proto-humans. Certainly a very long time before the advent of the first "modern man". But let's face it. What are a few hundred thousand years to the wizards of Hollywood? And besides, that particular amount of years is much more attractive as a movie title than EIGHTY THOUSAND YEARS, B.C.

Speaking of attractive things, 1966 saw Racquel Welch do her best to impersonate "woman" at the dawn of creation. Hammer Studios, under the expert guidance of Michael Carreras, took the unquestionable talents of Ray Harryhausen and combined them with the smooth efficiency of Don Chaffey's direction to re-make the 1940 Victor Mature/Carol Landis epic, ONE MILLION, B.C. The title was changed slightly, to avert confusion, while the stars were now the barbaric neanderthal hero—John Richardson, and his unbelievably voluptuous mate, Racquel Welch.

This new film once again depicts the troubled love story of Tumak and Loana, two cave people from opposite sides of the track. Tumak (John Richardson) is exiled from his tribe because he displayed an absurd lust for good food. Through the course of the next few minutes, our hero winds his way past all sorts of weird creatures—dinosaurs, strange apelike monstrosities, and a huge tarantula.

Not destined to end up a gourmet delicacy for these, Tumak dashes off across a vacant beach. Just then, from over a rise, comes an Archelon ischyros, a monster turtle. And, just before falling victim to the appetite of this rampaging monster, Tumak is saved by a band of young women clothed in scanty, fur bikinis.



The undeniable master of model animation, Ray Harryhausen, toys with the mighty ceratosaurus used in ANIMAL WORLD.

Loana (Racquel Welch), the leader of the group, takes an instant liking to the stranger. Tumak, unable to find words to express his gratitude, accompanies the girls to their encampment in order to show them just how much he appreciates their concern.

Of course, Tumak's speechlessness comes not from the fact that he was dumb and inarticulate, but rather because no one had gotten around to inventing language as yet. In the same way as the earlier Hal Roach version, the characters of ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C. do not speak



John Richardson eyes an off-screen menace as Martine Beswick realizes he's all wet.

intelligently. In fact, what little speech they have is confined to grunts, blurts, giggles, snorts and all sorts of raw expletives. In the first version, the rationale for the "silent" film technique was given strong justification, seeing as how the direction of the film was placed in the hands of D.W. Griffith, one of the great innovators of the early days of motion pictures. In the Hammer version, the primitive non-communication served as a novelty.

We learn the names of the two main characters as Racquel and John repeat each other's names as they march through all manner of adventure.

Meanwhile, back at the plot, Loana's tribe, known as the Shell People, are at first hesitant to accept Tumak into their peaceful commune. He, after all, comes from a tribe of killers. But once the intrepid Tumak saves the tribe from the savage onslaught of an allosaur, anxieties are lessened. Unfortunately Tumak has little tact. He gets into a brutal fight with a young shellman over possession of a spear. And it is the general consensus of the tribe that Tumak is a potential hazard and must be banished from the shelter of the Shell People.

Thus, once again Tumak hitches up his loincloth and makes his way into the wilderness. Only this time he is accompanied by Racquel Welch. Loana, entirely devoted to the rash Tumak, puts up with untold insults and personal inconsiderations, merely to be near to the man she loves.

Tumak decides to return to the land of his Rock Tribe. After following the same path he undertook at the beginning of the film, Tumak and

his worn-out companion once more encounter his savage ex-tribemates. Our hero must fight his half-brother Sakana (Percy Herbert) for the rite to stay on with the less civilized rock people, and he triumphs. But, in what has become an almost predictable chain of events, Tumak's happiness is short lived. While on a hunting foray, Loana is abducted by a leathery pterodactyl. Fearing that his beloved is dead, Tumak loses all interest in life. And there is nothing worse than a sullen caveman.

But upholding the finest tradition of Hollywood, the audience soon discovers that their heroine is still alive. Luck was on her side, and as the pterodactyl was winging his way home he was attacked by another flying reptile. Loana was dropped into the ocean during all the confusion, and while the two monsters battled in the sky overhead, Loana swam to shore. Her instincts guide her back to the shell people, where she makes an impassioned plea convincing her tribe to migrate to the land of the Rock People. Once agreed, the Shell People pack up their belongings and set off for Tumak and togetherness.

No sooner do the two tribes mingle, however, than nature intercedes in the form of a massive earthquake. In a matter of minutes, the land of the Rock People is pitching and rolling in great convulsions. The ground begins to split, and many of the terrorized cavemen are swallowed up by newly formed chasms. The quake quickly grows in intensity. The catastrophe all but wipes out the human population of ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C. We are, however, given the satisfaction of knowing that Tumak, Loana and a handful

of assorted neanderthals survive. As the massive tremor subsides, they are seen scurrying about the trembling terrain. The film draws to an end with the survivors surveying the remains of their world, determined to face another day of hardships at the dawn of creation.

Advertised as Hammer's 100th film, *ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C.* proved to be quite successful, both in terms of Hammer Studio and Raquel Welch. From her debut in such mediocre trash as *SWINGIN' SUMMER* (1965), in which Raquel played a neophyte psychoanalyst who ran around in a conservatively discrete bikini, through the miniaturizing process in *FANTASTIC VOYAGE* (1966) her career was being groomed for 'something special': A few of the more observant types noticed that as *FANTASTIC VOYAGE* reeled off, the zipper on Raquel's wetsuit seemed to zip down. At any rate, *ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C.* gave her the opportunity to be seen without being heard. And apparently what was seen was more than acceptable, so much so that Raquel, in her fur bikini, became a standard icon of the late 1960's.

In comparing the first version of *ONE MILLION B.C.* with the Hammer re-make, a few things become fairly obvious. First and probably most important is the characterization of the Loana figure. In the first version, Loana (Carole Landis) was designed to project a simple beauty and innocence free from the image of sex and formula. Landis was a timid creature who lived in a perfectly simple world. The over-riding attitude of the Roach/Griffith production seemed to suggest the instincts of a herd, the tribes functioning as a pack of baboons. Raquel, on the other hand, was groomed to be an incredibly attractive heroine. She's a modern sex-star thrust into an untamed world. But beyond this veneer of beauty, Raquel's personality seemed much stronger than that of Miss Landis. Her rescue of Tumak, her assertion of responsibility, and her trek through the wilderness all suggest that although she might not be as powerful as the typical caveman, she was at least striving for equality.

Another difference can be found in the style of the two pictures. Griffith was mainly concerned with the relationship between Victor Mature (as Tumak) and Carole Landis. The production was made on a sound stage, complete with artificial rocks and vegetation. And the entire story of *ONE MILLION B.C.* was framed with an excursion through the caverns of modern-day Europe with a guide relating the stories found in one particular cave painting. From this modern day setting Griffith flashes back to the dawn of civilization and develops the story of Tumak and Loana. The entire film is instilled with an air of nostalgia, of looking back. Hammer's film had the good fortune of being set, on location, in the Canary Islands. This landscape gives the impression of primordial splendor. The barren isolation of the beaches and caves gave a sense of "realism" to the Hammer production. And the feeling of realism in *ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C.* was also aided by the superb color photography of Wilkie



The Archelon Ischyros, a giant turtle, seems unimpressed with the threat posed by the Shell Tribe.



John Richardson is not about to let a hungry Allosaurus gobble up a child!



Carole Landis and Victor Mature in a rare still from the original *ONE MILLION B.C.*



Cavemen vs. Pteranodon in an exciting scene from ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C.

Move over, Ali and Frazier! This Harryhausen battle between an Allosaurus and Triceratops is truly the fight of the century!



Tumak seems to realize he's bitten off a little more than he can chew when he battles a mighty brontosaurus.

Cooper (who had worked with ONE MILLION YEARS' special effectsman Ray Harryhausen on his earlier projects). The characters populating the remake are more "glamorous" than Griffith's neanderthals, but they are aided by an uncanny sense of pictorial accuracy.

In terms of overall production, the first version of the film had some problems. The producers decided not to use three-dimensional models for the dinosaurs. Instead, lizards were drafted into service to impersonate their ancient ancestors. These creatures were aided by having all sorts of little things glued onto their bodies to make them look more like dinosaurs. It was a novel idea. But somehow the movement and the proportions of these surrogate giants were unconvincing. At one point in the film, Tumak went so far as to attempt battle with a man dressed in a dinosaur suit! The project was ambitious, but nevertheless lacked the sense of detail found in films like KING KONG or the earlier version of Canon Doyle's THE LOST WORLD.

Hammer choose to use veteran model animator Ray Harryhausen for the special effects. Although in one sequence he uses a real-life lizard. In talking about the film, Harryhausen explains the reason for this. A giant iguana is the first "creature" we are exposed to, and Ray notes "I have never favored using real lizards pretending to be dinosaurs, but in the remake of ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C. we felt it would add to the realism if the first creature we saw was a living specimen." Be that as it may, the rest of the film was filled with the wondrous creations of Harryhausen and his team of experts.

Probably the most difficult special visual effect in the Hammer version came during the abduction of Raquel by pterodactyl. The simple fact that the creatures to-be-animated are airborne presented a tremendous problem. While the basic effects technique is the same, the monsters must be supported by (invisible) wires atop the animation stand. To add to this already complicated situation, Harryhausen and Director Carreras decided to have the monster swoop down and snatch Raquel from the group.

For this sequence, which takes only a few seconds on the screen, all the elements involved had to be perfect. Raquel had to put her body in just the right position for the animated pterodactyl to "pick her up". Once this was accomplished, the real Raquel was substituted with a stop-motion dummy. In this way, Harryhausen was able to manipulate the movements for both the "bird" and Raquel.

The problems of putting a film together being what they are, sometimes everything that's planned doesn't always make it off the drawing board. A case in point was the legendary Brontosaurus sequence in the Hammer re-make. The scene had been planned, the preliminary sketches had been made, the model built, everything seemed ready. However, some stufo head decided that the picture already had enough of Harryhausen's animation in it, and the addition of one more sequence would be an additional



Raquel Welch, the very picture of authority, leads her Shell Tribe into great adventures 1,000,000 YEARS B.C.



Raquel Welch displays her ample talents to an appreciative audience.

expense of time and money (something that the studio did not need at that time). The sequence was replaced by Sakana's invasion of Tumak's cave. An unmemorable substitute in a memorable production.

Natural catastrophe was the high point of both films. C.B. DeMille had been dealing with disaster (natural) all his film life, and Willis O'Brien had contributed to the pyrotechniques of the volcanic destruction in the concluding minutes of RKO's *THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEI* (1935). So the concept of natural destruction was far from being novel. There had been some attempts at originality in Hollywood disasters—the most notable being found in Twentieth Century Fox's flood in *THE RAINS CAME* (1938) and sand storm in *SUEZ* (1938). Other than that the most notable work was no more than ordinary miniature sets being demolished by over-zealous special effects designers. Both *ONE MILLION, B.C.* and its re-make *ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C.* boasted tremendous disasters. What the Roach version lost, in being photographed in black and white instead of color, it gained in sheer melo-

dramatic composition. The sense of futility was constantly present in the earthquake scenes. Harryhausen brought the wealth of his knowledge to bear in producing some of the greatest scenes of disaster ever recorded on film. But his disaster, although more spectacular, drew a great deal from the original. Griffith was a master of creating tension and drama. If nothing else, the finale had tension and drama.

It would be a sad commentary if for all the work and apparent genius behind both films, the only thing that remains solidly rooted in our minds is the disasters and giant creatures. They were designed to add local color to the story and give it a sense of true dramatic significance. Griffith's film might seem wooden and more dated than the modern Hammer production, but in a world not as sophisticated as the one we live in today, the drama and thrills were enough to give the film its necessary audience appeal. Hammer, it seems, decided to throw everything but the kitchen sink into their 100th production, in order to make something truly memorable. Without question, they were successful.



The original poster for the mightiest super hero of all time!

The Celluloid Superman

"... Faster than a speeding bullet! More powerful than a locomotive! Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound!" Familiar words to those who have kept the memory of the "celluloid" Superman alive over the years. Going back about forty years, we would find the character of Superman being groomed to reach the world as a comic strip. His creators, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, saw him as an immigrant from the planet Krypton endowed with special super powers. However brilliant this conception for a super-hero was, Superman failed to materialize, initially, as a daily comic strip. So, moving away from the daily syndication route in 1938, Siegel and Shuster opted for the up and coming medium of the comic book. The rest is history in so far as the magazine industry is concerned. But Superman's career as a movie star is another story altogether.

Inspired by the success of and unique qualities found in Superman, famous cartoonist Max Fleischer decided to try his hand at bringing the man of steel to the silver screen. Max's

earlier efforts, like BETTY BOOP and POPEYE, had proven successful enough for Fleischer and his crew to tackle something as different as SUPERMAN. For a while, there had been talk about producing a multi-chaptered, live-action serial based on the adventures of Superman. But it seemed that the cost of securing rights to the character and hiring actors, designing special effects, etc. were just too high to make the project feasible. Fleischer, by the very nature of his craft, had a definite advantage. The medium of animation was free enough to allow Superman to do amazing things and still conform to his "comic book" image. So, in 1941, Fleischer, full of enthusiasm, embarked on one of the more costly and ultimately most successful series of cartoons ever made.

Max had set up shop in Florida. According to Whitney Ellsworth, then editor of National Comics, "Fleischer had one of the largest animation studios I'd ever seen." Row after row of artists sitting over tiny squares of illumination tracing, inking, coloring and otherwise creating master-



Kirk Alyn as the mighty Man of Steel!

pieces of animation. By late 1941 the first Superman cartoon was in the can (a labor of love which took almost six months to complete), and production was starting on the second episode. Fleischer was releasing his cartoons through Paramount, and the studio asked theaters for quite a bit of money—almost as much as for a feature film—just for the right to play "their" cartoons in the theater. Over the course of the next two years, Fleischer's crew produced 17 one-reel cartoons featuring the adventures of Superman. They were all photographed in fabulous 3-strip technicolor and some were even presented in a process simulating 3-D. (Disney had already perfected a multi-plane technique of animation which added a sense of depth. Instead of cartoons being shot 'flat', the foregrounds, characters, and backgrounds were all drawn on separate "cels," spaced, each, a foot apart. Originally, Paramount had planned on releasing one cartoon per month over a period of three years. But somehow the painstaking sense of detail and realism that Fleischer envisioned for the Superman series forced him to slow down. Unfortunately the Second World War forced a cut-back in the production of Technicolor products, and lagging popularity dropped the final curtain on Paramount's animated adventures of Superman.

While they lasted, however, Fleischer's cartoons remained cinema's highpoint of short-subject animation. They recruited the voice of Bud Collier, radio's "Superman", to speak the part of the "Man of Steel" for some of the later episodes. Their first cartoon in the series, entitled simply, SUPERMAN carried with it the more familiar impression of Fleischer's earlier POPEYE cartoons: an over-riding attitude of child-like innocence coupled with an intentionally light dramatic structure. Starting with the second cartoon, THE MECHANICAL MEN, Superman became more serious, the action of the later cartoons turning to melodrama. The sense of detail and overall precision still remained, but the world in which Superman lived was now littered with all sorts of vile and nasty persons. For the most part, however, these Superman cartoons were extravagant, flamboyant, and awfully exciting.

After the war, film production perked up, and soon studios began looking for material to develop into fodder for the teeming mass of moviegoers. One area that was constantly being exploited was the movie serial. Columbia Studios, the "underdog" of the serial world, had already produced a BATMAN serial during the early 1940's. So it came as no surprise when Columbia approached National Comics with a proposition to bring their other "shining star" onto the giant screen once again, only this time as a living, breathing human being.

Thus began the most talked-about chapter in the saga of the celluloid Superman. National agreed to let Columbia film the serial, but added all sorts of stipulations. The most important demand was the fact that the set used for filming the tentative SUPERMAN footage would be



Ridding a vault of its door is like opening a shoe box for SUPERMAN.

A bright eyed and bushy caped Alyn makes a subtle entrance during the serial.



"closed". This meant that anyone not actually involved in the production of the film wouldn't be allowed on the set. No extras wandering through the back lots, no news-hungry reporter, not even Harry "king" Cohn, the boss of Columbia, would be allowed to pop up on the Superman set without a very good reason. Another stipulation was that the actor chosen to portray Superman was not to be seen wearing his hero-costume in public. This meant that during breaks and while walking back and forth to the dressing room, etc. the actor selected to play the man of steel was required to be covered from head to foot in a large robe.

The serial was slated to be released in late 1948. The choice of Spencer Bennett as director came as no surprise. "Spence" had been Columbia's ace serial director for years. The selection of an actor to play the man from Krypton was not so easy. The producer, Sam Katzman, decided to set up interviews with hundreds of actors in order to find the right blend of personality, talent and physique necessary for someone as important as Superman. For weeks the offices of Columbia Studios were besieged with all sorts of musclemen, bodyboys, out-of-work actors and inexperienced farmhands. But as luck would have it, all of the auditions were overwhelmingly unsatisfactory. To be blunt, they were just plain rotten. Then it happened! While inquiring about the possibility of a new assignment, Kirk Alyn, a handsome young contract player, appeared at the studio. He had worked for Columbia in the past, and was curious to know if there was anything in the works that he might be suited for. The secretary took one look at Kirk and sighed, "Thank goodness!" She called in the production staff, they took one look at Kirk and sighed, "Thank goodness!". They decided that somehow Kirk Alyn had just what they were looking for: a good personality; a more than adequate acting ability; and a pretty-good physique. They offered him the role of Superman. After some serious deliberation, Kirk Alyn agreed to portray the man of steel for the millions of little kids who flocked to the neighborhood show every Saturday afternoon.

Kirk Alyn was well suited for the job. He approached his dual-role of Superman/Clark Kent with an unrestrained energy and sense of humor. He even did his own stunts (it was cheaper for the studio, and besides Kirk enjoyed the challenge). The serial was, again, simply entitled SUPERMAN. In terms of audience response, this first Superman serial was a rousing success.

As far as the special effects were concerned, SUPERMAN was full of them. The token fistfight, the hallmark of the more conventional serials, was replaced by thrills and cliff-hangers which emphasized the amazing powers of the Man of Steel. Stopping trains, exploding bombs, smashing through walls and receiving large jolts of electricity—these were the kind of thrills that were worthy of someone as invincible as Superman, and would serve to keep audiences on the

edge of their seats week after week. The only thing that Kirk could not do himself was fly! For this, the studio hired a team of animators who, through a complex system of mattes, would turn Alyn's Superman into an animated figure. In animated form, Superman would then swoosh around buildings doing all sorts of fantastic things.

All the stunts were not as easy as that. In fact, sometimes, without being aware of it, Kirk might be doing something incredibly dangerous. At one point in the serial Superman was required to stand in front of a large electric generating machine. Well, the producer and director thought it might be more effective if they used live current. So they stood Alyn a few feet away from a live electrical spark (functioning at well over 1000 volts). As the dramatic sequence drew to an end, Superman moved off his mark and the electric current was attracted to his metal belt. It struck the belt and rebounded back to the opposite pole. There was a bright flash and Superman was thrown to the ground. He was revived after a few minutes, and it was determined that the only thing that saved Kirk Alyn's life was the fact that he was wearing a pair of rubber boots, which served to insulate him from the full force of the electric current. If that were not enough, the script called for Superman to support a train track while a high-speed locomotive rushed past. For this stunt, Alyn recalls that as soon as he was positioned for the scene, everyone in the crew slowly moved away from him. By the time they were about twenty yards away Kirk began to get a little worried. He remembered that the scene was okayed by the railroad, and the engineer was aware that an actor dressed in a funny suit would be standing quite close to the tracks. What the guy in the funny suit was not aware of was the fact that the train would be passing by at its normal speed—which for a train is about 70 miles per hour. His suspicions began to escalate when he saw the train whizzing along the track. He quickly tucked his cape inside his belt to avoid being snagged by the onrushing train and then dragged along the ground. The cars whizzed by, and another potential disaster was transformed into a thrilling piece of cliff-hanging entertainment for Spence Bennett and the Superman production unit.

The incredible success of the original serial inspired a sequel. For the second serial, Kirk demanded a bit more freedom. His acting life was rescued from the tortuous rigors of the first production. Entitled SUPERMAN VERSUS ATOM-MAN, the new Columbia serial was released in 1950. The goal of this second serial was simple: fill the screen with as much excitement and humor as was humanly possible. In this action-programmer, Superman's arch comic book rival, Lex Luthor, was brought into the plot. The effects were more "experimental", and the ultimate rewards were, again, quite satisfying.

Although not as polished as Republic's earlier CAPTAIN MARVEL production, the two



Inulnerable to mere bullets, SUPERMAN is unimpressed by any gangster's threats.



What petty criminal could possibly protect himself from the might of SUPERMAN?



George Reeves seems ready to play ball after making his own dug out as the second SUPERMAN.



Paramount's animated Man of Steel! One of the best cartoon series ever made!

SUPERMAN adventures proved to be the most successful of the post-war theatrical serials. As television began to grow in popularity, the possibility of bringing the man of steel into living-rooms throughout the country became a subject of growing speculation.

Would Kirk Alyn continue to lend his face and form to the character of Superman? Who would produce and sponsor this new television series? What type of format should they follow? How involved should the special effects be? All these questions were answered in 1951 when Lipfert Films released SUPERMAN AND THE MOLE MEN, starring George Reeves as Superman.

An actor who had been in Hollywood since the late 1930's (he even had a supporting role in GONE WITH THE WIND), Reeves was chosen to become the new man of steel. This first effort was quite short, only 62 minutes, and was designed to be transformed into a two-part television program when the series was aired. The rationale behind this mini-feature was to try and ease the shock of accepting George Reeves as the new image of Superman. Apparently the move was well received by the public, seeing that Reeves continued to play the man of steel for a good six seasons. Some of the supporting characters would change (his original Lois Lane, Phyllis Coates, was replaced by Kirk Alyn's earlier heroine—Noel Neill) but



Superman remained constant.

The strange thing about the new series was that no one was willing to sponsor it. National Periodicals was asking too much money (as far as the sponsors were concerned) for the show. Finally, almost two years after the first network broadcast. The first episode of the series was aired in the spring of 1953. The producers decided to begin with an "origin" story, so SUPERMAN ON EARTH related the events leading up to the destruction of the planet Krypton and Superman's ultimate destiny on our world. The actual character of Superman makes only a cameo appearance near the end of the program, but the episode managed to set the stage, both in terms of style and characterization, for the many shows that would follow.

The very nature of television demands a more limited scope than motion pictures. Television's dimensions are totally opposed to the bigger than life quality of the movies. So that rather than try to take in all of what is happening up on the big screen, one is forced to focus in on what is happening on the television tube. Television's SUPERMAN understood this, and manipulated the medium to its best advantage.

The producers of the first 26 episodes, Robert Maxwell and Bernard Luber, created a Superman who functioned as an avenger. The spectacle of the super-hero was transformed into an attitude of tough justice. The first season offered a violent and dynamic Superman. Maxwell and Luber were careful not to let Superman actually smash someone to a pulp, but they were not against having Superman stand aside while the villains destroyed themselves.

Whitney Ellsworth, then living on the West Coast, took over production on the second season of THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN. It was the general opinion of National that the first season was too violent, and served as a deterrent to the image of Superman. Ellsworth tried to mellow the character of the man of steel. He succeeded, with the series picking up a decidedly lighter vein. The second season saw Superman in a role that was closer to the original comic book image. He was now faced with maverick asteroids (PANIC IN THE SKY), kryptonite (the only substance that could weaken the man of steel) (THE DEFEAT OF SUPERMAN), and nefarious doubles (THE FACE AND THE VOICE). It is interesting to note that some of these later episodes were turning up in England as feature films. It seemed that a few of the related episodes were strung together by some sloppy newspaper shoptalk designed to meld one story into another.

In any case, the most interesting aspect of the show besides Reeves was the special effects. And most of the special effects had to do with Superman in flight. Originally Reeves was hitched up to a kind of harness which would lift him off the ground. Once he was airborne, there would be a cut to stock footage showing Superman flying over the landscape. This method proved

to be quite unpopular. During the production of *THE GHOST WOLF* the harness broke and Reeves was dropped some 12 feet to the ground. Necessity gave rise to the development of the famous "springboard" take-off, in which Reeves would run, hit the concealed springboard and leap into the air out of frame.

Early in his television career, Superman was given the privilege of being photographed in color. This caused a few extra problems (all the stock footage and special effects material had to be rephotographed in color, and Superman's tan and cocoa uniform had to be replaced by the real red and blue) for both the producers and the viewer. What the series gained in visual excitement, it lost in actual excitement. The shows of the last few seasons lacked the drive and excitement put there by director Tommy Carr (who had worked as second unit director on the Kirk Alyn serial).

As the series ground on, Reeves became more involved with the actual production end of the show. For some of the later episodes Reeves not only served as the star, but he also functioned as the director. These color episodes were not screened until early in 1960, when color TV became a reality.

On June 19, 1959, just before production was to start on the seventh season of *THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN*, George Reeves was found shot to death. After a general period of panic and heartfelt sorrow, the series was put into general syndication and has been playing on local stations ever since.

And now for the part of the story that very few people are even aware of! During the period of extreme popularity enjoyed by the *SUPERMAN* show, Whitney Ellsworth decided to try his hand at producing another show capitalizing on the Superman legend. The result was a pilot film designed for a predominantly "younger" audience called *THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUP!* It was produced in 1956/57, and featured a cast of midgets dressed in animal costumes. The hero of the proposed series was none other than Bark Bent, mild-mannered newspaper reporter. When the occasion arose, Bark would exchange his over-sized glasses and gaberdine suit for the stoic champion of justice—Superpup. Bent worked for a cagey ol' bulldog named Terry Bite. While the villain of the piece went by the name of Professor Sheepdip.

This might all sound a bit ridiculous, but the pilot was made, and still exists. The film is incredibly delightful and was far ahead of its time in terms of juvenile entertainment. The production was highlighted by the great costumes (according to Whitney Ellsworth, the most expensive part of the show) and unusually fine photography by Joe Biroc. Cal Howard directed the film with "tongue in cheek". But all was to no avail seeing that the *ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUP* never made it to the "big time". Another one of Ellsworth's projects came closer to making it—the legendary *ADVENTURES OF SUPERBOY*.



Animation years ahead of its time highlighted Paramount's 1940 Superman.

The first season's scripts had begun, the pilot was in the can—and then the whole thing just pooped out. The pilot, *RAJAH'S RANSOM*, produced in 1962 starred Johnny Rockwell as Clark Kent, Superboy of Smallville. The show was directed by *SUPERMAN* veteran George Blair and was filled with some interesting special effects. Rockwell looked amazingly like a teenage version of George Reeves, and although he seemed a bit wooden, he had an interesting personality. The major fault of the pilot (and probably the reason that the series was rejected) was the script. Rather than emphasizing the "science-fiction" aspects of the other scripts, someone decided that it was much more important to stress the relationships of the teenagers. The end result looks like a prototype of the "Tommy Kirk" type of movie that would hit the theaters in the mid-Sixties.

The weirdest thing about the whole concept of Superman in the 1950's was that an entire campaign was planned to make feature films with George Reeves as Superman. For one reason or another these projects also failed to materialize. If one or two words could be used to describe the fate of the celluloid Superman they would be "unfulfilled dreams". Disappointing to the real fanatics, but an honest tribute to the hero known as Superman.

A rare still of the puppet for Superpup!



MONSTER BUGS





Bugs are, perhaps, the most universally feared of all God's creatures. And no wonder! For they're slimy and grotesque. The lone bite of a tiny mosquito sends us itching through the night; the sting of a wasp is enough to kill. It should be evident, then, what was the bug-appeal to Hollywood horror filmmakers.

Maribunda! Native tongue for "killer ants" Over a billion of the carnivorous soldier ants descended upon a South American plantation run by Charlton Heston in the 1953 George Pal chiller **THE NAKED JUNGLE**. Picking flesh from the bones of all who stood in their way, the Maribunda is, in fact, a real menace that plagues many a continent throughout the world. In the film, Heston was clever enough to dynamite a dam and drown the creatures. But that was not the last moviegoers would see of ants. For, a year later, killer ants were once again on the loose in **THEM!** Only this time, radioactivity transformed the bugs from super small to super tall, each of the testy arthropods now reaching a height of fifty feet tall! Their home was a desert in Nevada, where atomic



Ray Harryhausen's incredible "moon calf" proved worth more than the price of admission for **THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON!**



A very deadly game of hide and seek is played by a giant wasp as he eyes his dinner in **THE MONSTER FROM GREEN HELL.**



The original ad-art for **TARANTULA!**



The most frightening OUTER LIMITS ever! The outer space ZANTI MISFITS!

bomb tests caused THEM to reach epic proportions. Unfortunately for mankind, the ants were not satisfied with their sandy dwelling and decided to move against the city of Los Angeles. There they holed up in the metropolitan sewer system. It remained for policeman James Whitmore, along with the United States Armed Forces, to torch the creatures with flame-throwers, fostering the grandest bug-burn in history.

But ants weren't the only insects to find themselves growing to the size of an armored tank. Leo G. Carroll toyed with nature and, in 1955, unleashed THE TARANTULA on mankind. Directed by Jack Arnold—the man behind THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON—THE TARANTULA is a largely overlooked film classic featuring fine special effects as a super-sized spider ravages Southern California, before finally being destroyed by aerial fire-bombs.

This was not the only film, however, to feature a monster tarantula. For in 1958, Bert I. Gordon, producer/director/ special-effectsman behind such efforts as THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN (1957) and ATTACK OF THE FIFTY FOOT WOMAN (1958), gave us EARTH VS. THE SPIDER, which has since been shortened to, simply, THE SPIDER. THE SPIDER is found in a cave outside a small Midwestern town, and is something the citizens of that town feel must be captured and used as a decoration for the local high school gymnasium. After several citizens have been

drained of blood by the amazing arachnid, forces of the law electrify the beast and, thinking him dead, put the thing on display in the auditorium. During a class dance, however, it is learned the creature is not dead. He stirs, comes to slow life, and then tears his way through the school walls and marches through town, killing and destroying all in his path. Eventually, THE SPIDER makes his way back to his cave, where he is given a larger and fatal dose of electricity and dies. From its ashes, however, rose other, more horrifying spiders.

Earlier, in 1940, Sabu was caught in the web of a giant tarantula in THE THIEF OF BAGDAD. But the monster proved so resilient that he returned to the screen in Irwin Allen's remake of THE LOST WORLD (1960), very briefly, to menace David Hedison as the explorer chases a fetching native girl into a dark cave. ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C. (1966), starring Raquel Welch and with special effects by Ray Harryhausen, had ten seconds of film wherein a real-life tarantula (dinosaur-sized, of course), menaced star John Richardson. On the other side of the coin, the tiny 3"-tall star of INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, a film also directed by Jack Arnold, partook in a hair-raising battle with a tarantula, which he destroyed by jabbing the creature with a nail. Meanwhile, on the planet Venus, the Three Stooges met with a titanic tarantula in HAVE ROCKET WILL TRAVEL (1959). This creature was

no ordinary spider, though: It fired lethal heat-rays from its body, chasing the comedians all about the craggy venusian terrain. Astronauts were also attacked by giant spiders in **QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE** (1958), again on Venus as Zsa Zsa Gabor looked on, in **WORLD WITHOUT END** (1956), Earth of the war-ravaged future, **CAT-WOMEN OF THE MOON** (1953), and **MISSILE TO THE MOON** (1959).

Leaving the spider family behind, **THE MONSTER FROM GREEN HELL** (1956) was a wasp that, sent to space in an experimental rocket, was exposed to cosmic rays and returns to earth—specifically, Africa—reproduces, and spawns an army of 747-sized horrors. They move against local villages, destroy them all, and are immune to all of man's puny attempts to destroy them. It remains for nature, in the form of a volcano, to drown and destroy the monsters under layers of boiling hot lava.

Unlike **THEM!**, **THE TARANTULA**, and **THE SPIDER**, the monsters in this film were not (as in the first case) mechanically operated robots or, as with the multi legged terrors, photographically enlarged spiders. In **MONSTER FROM GREEN HELL**, the beasts were stop motion animated models. The quality of these special effects was high, with the battle between a giant wasp and a huge python is the highlight of the film.

Another animated menace was **THE BLACK SCORPION** (1957) and his bug buddies from the earth's core. Master minded by **KING KONG**'s creator, Willis O'Brien, **THE BLACK SCORPION** and his minions rose from beneath the world's surface during an eruption, to menace Mexico. The film features several astounding special effects sequences, the most startling of which is the monster's attack on a train. The title monster meets his demise in Mexico City proper, felled by an electrically charged harpoon.

A monster dragonfly was seen rather briefly in **MONSTER ON THE CAMPUS** (1958) when the bug lands on a newly discovered, perfectly preserved prehistoric fish. The winged insect alights on the sea creature and drinks of its blood. It is then transformed into a yard long pleistocene terror.

More formidable, however, was the bug behemoth known as **THE DEADLY MANTIS** (1957). Once again, a prehistoric animal is released from it's icy arctic tomb by atomic bomb tests. In this case, a mantis flies to warmer climates, and in the process destroys such landmarks as The Washington Monument, before being cornered and destroyed in New York's Holland Tunnel. This, with poison gas and machine gun fire.

Radiation was also responsible for **THE COSMIC MONSTERS** (1959), atomically mutated bugs (worms and such) who menace the wooded area near a nuclear research center. Starring was Forrest Tucker, future star of the tv series **F TROOP**.

With naught but Kong-sized insects roaming the country side, it was time for some new bug types! Hence, **THE FLY** (1958), alias David Hedison. In it, Hedison portrays a scientist who is

experimenting with teleportation. He sets up two booths in his laboratory: one a transmitter, the other a receiver. He climbs into the former and beams himself across the room, unaware that a fly has winged into the chamber. During transport, their atoms are mixed, and Hedison reappears with the head and one arm of a fly; the fly, in return, has Hedison's head and torso.

As the fly brain begins to dominate Hedison, he has his wife crush him beneath an enormous mechanical press. The fly with his head, meanwhile, is eaten by a spider!

The film is one of the finest science fiction thrillers ever made, and was so popular it spawned a pair of sequels. The first was **RETURN OF THE FLY** (1959), in which the son of **THE FLY** experiments with his father's equipment. Not only does he too suffer the misfortune of his dad and have his molecules mixed with that of a fly, but he manifests a decidedly sadistic streak: he places one of his antagonists into the transporter with a guinea pig, thus producing a guinea man. It's all most horrifying.



Joan Weldon shows off the latest in desert fashion as she runs in panic from one of **THEM!**

CURSE OF THE FLY (1965) was next, a film in which the family continues its bizarre experimentations, producing, this time, not bugs, but atomic mutations!

THE WASP WOMAN (1958) was a lady who, in an attempt to stay young, injected herself with the enzymes of a wasp, only to find herself transformed, instead, into a horrid misshapen creature.

Better by far was **THE DEADLY BEES** (1967), the story of a beekeeper who used his pets to sting enemies to death. Set in the English countryside, the film is low-keyed and quite frightening. The make-up and special effects are entirely effective, and one comes away from the film with a healthy respect for the little winged devils.



The high stepping webslinger, himself, Aspiga, pairs off against Godzilla and his smoke-ring spouting son, Minya, during **GODZILLA'S REVENGE**.



This giant bee must think Michael Callan and his companion are mighty sweet. Why else would she seal them in a giant honeycomb on **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**?

Direct from the earth's core comes **THE BLACK SCORPION!**



Could this be magic? David Frankum seems unimpressed by the creature's advances in **RETURN OF THE FLY**.



Super intelligent ants overwhelm the unconscious Nigel Davenport in the new Paramount production of **PHASE IV**.

"little" is hardly the word to describe the bumble bee in Ray Harryhausen's MYSTERIOUS ISLAND (1961). Based on the novel by Jules Verne, the film relates the weird experiments of Captain Nemo (whose first film appearance was in 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA) who, in an attempt to increase the earth's food supply, grows animals of gargantuan size. And one of his subjects, along with a monster crab, fowl, and mollusk, is a bee. Over twenty five feet long, it seals our hero and heroine in a honeycomb, which they escape by starting a fire and melting their way out.

Meanwhile, down in the Everglades, mankind suffers THE ATTACK OF THE GIANT LEECHES (1958), in reality, a bunch of men in leech suits. Elsewhere, in California, Tim Holt faced THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD (1957), a giant centipede from the bottom of the ocean.

A twin threat was met by Peter Graves, late of tv's MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE, who dual duels with giant bugs. The first was in KILLERS FROM SPACE (1953) where, as a scientist, he is captured by aliens intent on conquering the world. When he tries to escape their underground complex, he is beset upon by giant sized insects and lizards, all rear screen projected and phony as they come. Better, but not by much, was the Bert I. Gordon second spectacular entomology lesson, BEGINNING OF THE END (1957), wherein giant grasshoppers attack Chicago. Grown large from eating radioactive vegetables, these bugs make mincemeat of the militia, devour people left and right and then march on the giant metropolis. Graves, in desperation, has the city evacuated and concocts a rather unique sound machine that reproduces the mating call of the insect. With this device set on a boat in Lake Michigan, the not very bright creatures are duped and drowned.

Speaking of unusual sound machines, the most ridiculous one ever used against nature was in an episode of the television series CAPTAIN NICE, a BATMAN-era spinoff starring William Daniels as the costumed crimefighter. In this program, a worm accidentally consumes some of the good Captain's super formula, becoming a super worm. Captain Nice, in his civilian identity as Carter Nash, creates a machine that electronically duplicates the sound of lettuce crunching, thereby snagging the troublesome bug.

Meanwhile on a different moon from that awful Cat-Women, Lionel Jeffries and Edward Judd met Ray Harryhausen's incredible hundred legged stop motion "moon calf" (a centipede) in the incredible space epic FIRST MEN IN THE MOON (1964). This absolutely awesome animal was the major source of sustenance for the Selenites, fly like moon dwellers, which they destroy with an electronic gun.

Across the ocean, in the Far East, another school of monster bugs developed simultaneously to our own. First, there was MOTHRA (1962), the giant caterpillar/moth. MOTHRA is the god of a small primitive island, who journeys to and levels all of Japan when its high-priestesses are kidnapped by greedy entrepreneurs. It swims to



The spectacular cinematographer Ken Middleham can make even an insect say "cheese". From PHASE IV.

the island-nation in caterpillar form, but realizes that it can cover more ground through the air. Thus, crushing the Tokyo Tower, it spins a cocoon and, several days later, emerges a giant, colorful moth. She lands at an airport, finds her stolen worshippers, and takes them home with her. But not for long. For several years later, with Godzilla ravaging the countryside, Mothra returned to do battle with the prehistoric beast in GODZILLA VS. THE THING (1964), 'the Thing' being Mothra. All our winged wonder wanted to do was prevent the dinosaur from eating her unhatched egg. In the process, once again, Tokyo is leveled. In case you're wondering, Mothra wins the battle by lifting Godzilla by his tail and dropping the thirty ton monster into the ocean.



The tiny form of an intellectual ant is enough to hold lovely Lynne Fredererick in a hypnotic trance during Paramount's PHASE IV.

But Mothra was not yet through! For she would return in two other Japanese monster-fests. The first was GHIDRAH, THE THREE HEADED MONSTER (1965), in which Mothra joins with Rodan and Godzilla to battle a dragon from outer space. They defeat Ghidrah, but not for long. The fire-breathing monstrosity returned in DESTROY ALL MONSTERS (1969), and this time it required the combined efforts of not only Rodan, Godzilla, and Mothra to stop the beast, but the participation of Minya (the Son of Godzilla), Manda, Aspiga, and other creatures as well. Aspiga, by the way, is a Japanese version of THE TARANTULA. He was also seen in GODZILLA'S REVENGE (1971) and SON OF GODZILLA (1970), incidentally. Other members of the SON OF GODZILLA cast included an army of giant praying mantises, which Godzilla and his son destroy in short order. They too, however, return in GODZILLA'S REVENGE, to do battle, once more, with the father and son monster team.

Giant caterpillars, not unlike Mothra, were the co-stars of RODAN. These prehistoric bugs were unleashed from centuries of hibernation by the diggings of the world's deepest mineshaft. Also uncovered, of course, were the twin Pteranodons Rodan who, when they hatch, make short order of the bugs, using them for breakfast.

Most recent, and perhaps the strongest of

the bug films, however, was THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE (1969), a fictionalized documentary of how bugs will inherit the earth. The film is composed of live action footage showing the world of insects, and how they will someday overrun mankind. While the overall style of the film, ridden with a "watch-out-world" brand panic, makes it absurd, this same theme may be used more effectively in the new Saul Bass/Mayo Simon production of PHASE IV, in which the final ecological battle between scientists and super intelligent ants takes place. In both instances, HELLSTROM... and PHASE IV, the insect photography was done by Ken Middleham and is both incredible and impressive.

And that's not all! Bugs will be getting in everywhere in the near future. Atlas Comics is doing a color magazine based on the high flying exploits of THE SCORPION as well as the fantastic adventures of THE TARANTULA. While the former is a super hero, the latter is a half man, half tarantula who must suck blood from his victims in order to live!

Now even the great authors have been bitten by bugs. Two recently published bestsellers have dealt with armor plated ants and firebreathing cockroaches! Naturally these sure-fire ideas were bought by the movie studios even before publication. So be on the look out for THE SWARM and THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE!

Watch out world! The incredible radioactive insects are coming, led by THEM!

The injected essence of spider transforms Leo G. Carroll's aide into a human horror from TARANTULA!



Forrest Tucker and company's emotions run the gamut from A to B when faced with THE COSMIC MONSTERS.

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The tremendous talent of Boris Karloff created the definitive portrayal of the FRANKENSTEIN monster.

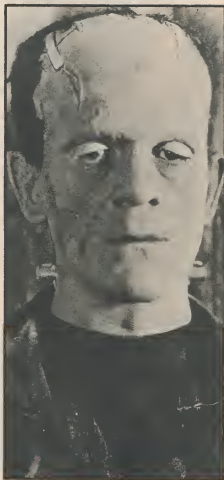
FRANK EN STEIN

"His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing. His teeth of a pearly whiteness, but the luxuriances only formed a more horrible contrast with the watery eyes . . . his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips." Could this be the monster of Frankenstein? According to the author, the eighteenth century English author Mary Shelley, it was indeed.

"We will each write a ghost story," said the famous poet, Lord Byron, to his fellow poet, Percy Shelley, and to his petite wife Mary. And during that summer of 1816, the two men unsuccessfully tried to create a horror story, but Mary Shelley succeeded by creating the greatest character in horror fiction: Frankenstein!

The Modern Prometheus (as the book was also called) had more than just a simple fascination or guaranteed box office return for the movie industry. Perhaps the filmmakers saw a little of the monster's creator in themselves as they plected together their own horrors.

But for whatever reason, the Frankenstein series started almost sixty-five years ago as the granddaddy of electricity, Thomas Edison, begat the 1910 FRANKENSTEIN creature in a cauldron of chemicals! And to further the irony, the Godless monster was played by Charles Ogle, a minister's son! Many historians feel that this conception of the creature with his pasty face and wild mane of hair, was closer to the original novel version than many of its contemporaries. But the modern viewer will never truly know, for while the monster in





A tender moment during Mel Brooks' hilarious **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**.

this vision fades away because of true love, every copy of the 1910 **FRANKENSTEIN** has been dissolved by time.

Though too weird to be successful at that time, the studios thought the idea of *Frankenstein* was too good to pass up. So in 1917, the humanized version of Victor Frankenstein's monster, played by Percy Standing, was unleashed in **LIFE WITHOUT SOUL**.

But these forgettable opuses only set the stage for the greatest vision of the monster, and perhaps most influential horror movie ever made: Universal's 1931 production of **FRANKENSTEIN**!

Combining a sensitive portrayal with production values rivaling that of any other film of that time, the story of the man who made a monster was brought, unforgettably, to life!

And, even though the fine director of **DRACULA**, Robert Florey, had already adapted Shelley's novel into a screenplay and filmed a screen test with Bela Lugosi, in monster make up for the role, it took the Hungarian actor's ego to put the project into the capable hands of James Whale. It seems Lugosi didn't relish the idea of playing a part without dialogue or recognition. But William Henry Pratt (otherwise known as Boris Karloff) had no such problem. On the Universal lot for a gangster picture, Karloff fascinated Whale

with his strong face and solid stature. And Boris, himself, was too hungry to turn down the "opportunity" to be worked on (and over) for two solid weeks by make-up master Jack Pierce. In order to be reborn into the monster, Karloff needed forty-eight pounds of costuming, including wood splints to stiffen his legs, a metal spine brace, and huge "asphalt-spreader's" boots. His facial make-up took three hours to apply. And even after this physical and mental torture, Karloff acted his part under the bright Universal lights and hot California sun! No wonder he played the suffering monster with such realism!

The final, tradition-destroying, box-office-record-breaking film is based more on Peggy Webling's 1930 play than Shelley's book. Henry (not Victor) Frankenstein is obsessed with creating an artificial man. The movie's emphasis on the doctor's blasphemy against God's laws is heightened with the fanatic performance of Colin Clive as he raises his home-made man to the lightning-streaked sky for the spark of life!

Unfortunately, the doctor's hunch-backed aide had supplied the creature with a criminal mind. So when the monster rises to life, forgotten cruelties begin to stir in its befuddled brain. While this supplies the basic logic for the Frankenstein monster's (later) violent actions, the criminal aspect is soon forgotten and the beast emerges a martyr, victim of the misunderstanding and viciousness of the world around him.

At the very start of his new life, he is taunted with a fiery torch wielded by the sadistic aide. Later, in his search for affection, he comes upon a little girl, floating flowers by a deep stream. In a scene made even more horrible by the monster's naivete, and the girl's innocence, Frankenstein joins the girl in her play. When he runs out of flowers, he throws the child in! Instead of floating down-stream, the girl drowns. The angry villagers pursue the creature (who has Henry in tow) to a mill. There, they set the wood structure afire. Frankenstein's monster hurls his creator at the crowd before he is seemingly consumed by flame.

The public, its fright appetite whetted by **DRACULA**, flocked to the theater in droves to view this tale of moral corruption even though the country was in the midst of a depression. So, in the tradition of most of Hollywood's financial bonanzas, a sequel was planned and produced four years later, in 1935. But, unlike many of these enterprises, the follow-up rivaled its predecessor in excellence!

The original trio of Whale as director, Colin Clive as the doctor, and Karloff as the monster was reunited for **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. Added talent was present in the form of actors John Carradine, Elsa Lanchester (as Frankenstein's "Pierced" together mate), Walter Brennan, and Ernest Thesiger as Dr. Pretorius (who keeps miniature human homunculi in little bottles dressed as ballerinas, kings, and others, in a travesty of life).

The monster's saga is logically continued



The terrific Marty Feldman gives you the eye whether he wants to or not in **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**.



Peter Boyle lumbers across the countryside, tails and all, during **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**.



Mel Brooks' version of the classic BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN is a whole 'nother monster.

as he is saved from a fiery fate in the mill by an underground pool. He takes justifiable revenge on a passing peasant who stumbles in the pool as well. As the man's wife runs in terror, the monster stumbles into the forest. He is able to find companionship in the form of a blind hermit. The man takes the tattered terror in, feeding him, and teaching him the beginnings of language. But the intrusion of violent villagers forces the monster to flee again. Realizing that his only true friend can be one like himself, the monster threatens the Doctor until he agrees to make the monster a mate. And this is a "stormy" courtship indeed as the mate is of lightning born. In the ensuing "mock marriage", the shrouded spouse is led to her man. And in the final humiliation, she recoils from him in terror. Brushing away one lone tear, the true sign of his humanity, the monster sends Henry away before pulling the switch which will blow the hell-spawned couple and laboratory sky high. (Just as every uncharted island has a secret treasure, every mad scientist's lab is supplied with one of these switches.

Unfortunately, the monster's famous last words—"We belong dead," were completely ignored by the Universal studios, as four years later, the SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (in the form of Basil Rathbone, the world's most famous Sherlock Holmes) revived his dad's monster. While the film had Karloff re-repeating his most famous role and Bela Lugosi as a shaggy peasant named Ygor, it was a poor reflection of the brilliance found in the preceeding two productions. The basic theme was slowly turning from the sad sympathy of horror to the violent destruction of a rampaging (and seemingly brainless) monster. In order to make up for this lack of theme, the atmosphere was heightened, making Jack Otterson's "psychological sets" the highlight of the film! At the movie's finale, Karloff is kicked into a pit of chemicals, bringing the series full circle. (That is how Edison's monster was created.)

It took Hollywood three years to bring the monster back again as THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN. And, again he was a pale shadow of the original. Karloff saw what was coming by the less-than-logical plotline in SON OF . . . , so he left while the public's heart was still with him. To be perfectly honest, no other monster before or since, in **any** horror movie, has matched Boris Karloff's achievement in acting. For this, the movie-goers and critics will always be thankful.

So while Lon Chaney, Jr. (the original Wolfman) was effective in the role, two strikes were already against him. Namely, the quality of the previous three films and the present script!

Frankenstein's **second** son, Ludwig (played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke) is inspired by his father's spirit to exchange the monster's present criminal brain with that of another. The creature was not destroyed in the pit of chemicals, as supposed, but was preserved! Unfortunately, the brain that the good doctor exchanges is Bela Lugosi's Ygor's! It was difficult enough to accept the Wolf-



Charles Ogle, a minister's son, plays the Godless creation in the first production of FRANKENSTEIN.

man's body in Frankenstein's boots, but to then give him Dracula's brain and voice was too much!

The same opinion seemed to be shared by the supporting players and critics. Lionel Atwill, Ralph Bellamy and the reviewing population agreed that nothing could save this sorry imitation.

In 1943, what **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN** lacked in horror, it made up in fun! As the plot follows dual destruction by the two monsters, the audience is preparing itself for the coming confrontation. And they weren't disappointed! As Doctor Mannering (Patrick Knowles) tries to drain energy from both creatures, he can't resist the temptation to see the Frankenstein creation at full power. Bursting from his restraints Bela Lugosi, as stodgy a Frankenstein as he was a Dracula, launches himself at the Wolfman (Lon Chaney). While the two are gloriously wrecking the lab, the doctor manages to escape as the townspeople destroy a dam, pouring tons of water on the two antagonists.

And, in the same manner as the villagers dynamited the dam, Universal opened its own flood gates, as imitations, sequels, cartoons, and satires poured forth as never before!

Unfortunately, the studios realized that they could never hope to recreate the power and beauty of the 1931 version. So the ensuing productions emerge as either lame retellings of the original novel or take-offs and satires of the man-made-monster theme.

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN in 1944 brought back Boris Karloff, only this time as the mad scientist. An addition was the presence of the evil Count Dracula played by John Carradine. Glenn Strange did the honors (or is that dishonors?) as the Frankenstein monster, matching Karloff's size and strength, but not his sensitivity or style. The Wolfman (Chaney) was also on fang, filling up the already crowded screen.

Gustav Niemann (Karloff) discovers Frankenstein and the Wolfman frozen in a cave. After their thawing, Gustav must have wanted a trio, for he resurrects Dracula as well. And just before the killings get out of hand, the Wolfman is destroyed by the girl he loves, Dracula is done in by sunlight, and the professor dies in the arms of Frankenstein as they sink into a bog.

Less than a year later, the terrible trio is re-established in **HOUSE OF DRACULA**. Another doctor is playing with blood types trying to cure Dracula and the Wolfman. He is inspired to revive Frankenstein by visions of the monster's previous lives (using film clips of Karloff, Chaney, and Strange). This segment of the saga is closed by fire, as the Wolfman bounds off a chemical cabinet, toppling the highly volatile liquids.

So the world was safe until 1948 when Dracula found himself shipped in a ready-made coffin-carton to a wax museum in Florida where he planned to have **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**.



Innocence and naivete, rather than blood and guts, made for scene in horror history during 1931's **FRANKENSTEIN**.

And believe it or not, the film wasn't bad. The difficult part was accepting that Dracula would want to transplant Costello's brain into the body of the Frankenstein monster. But when the three great creatures are reunited in Dracula's off-shore castle (The Wolfman also manages to join the gathering) adolescent audiences could truly believe it! Thankfully, we all could enjoy the high humor and thrills as Wolfman leaps off a balcony to grab the escaping Dracula (in bat form) and the two plummet to the rocks below. Meanwhile the comedy team has raced to a waiting boat, setting the dock afire to trap the pursuing Frankenstein. As the monster meets yet another fiery finish, the punch line is delivered by the Invisible Man, who was waiting in the row boat!

After this joyful travesty on the Frankenstein legend, as entertaining as it was, things calmed down a bit for the good doctor's creation. He went into a semi-retirement deeming to appear



perhaps the singly most powerful

in only a few features of dubious worth such as *HELLSZAPPIN'* (1941), *FORTUNE HUNTERS* (1946), *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE* (1953), and *HAREM ALEK* (1953), as well as in cartoons featuring Porky Pig, Betty Boop, Bugs Bunny, and Sniffles the Mouse.

As the end of the fifties neared, the great monster was reborn by the less than satisfying but bloodily effective *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

When Hammer studios discovered that Universal owned the rights to the original Jack Pierce make-up, but not to the novel, they molded the great Christopher Lee into the monster, care of scar tissue and grease paint.

The loosely plotted film has Peter Cushing (rivaling Colin Clive's presence as Doctor Frankenstein) wading through loose limbs and bloody brains to complete his devil's work. Ham-



Lon Chaney, Jr., the screen's original wolfman, makes a pretty pitiful monster in *THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*.



The souless creation could still frighten even when placed in an Abbott and Costello movie in 1948.

mer's veteran director, Terence Fisher, in an effort to make sure his violent version was seen, filmed the story three times! First, mildly, for the heavily censored countries, then mediumly, for the middle-of-the-road nations (like ours) and last, mutilatingly, with buckets of blood flowing like wine!

Hammer's personal "red sea" was repeated one year later, in 1958, for **THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. And, it seems, the rest of the movie world followed suit. Copies, variations and sequels were made by a variety of companies, nearly always out-doing each other for gimmicks and/or boredom. The Hammer versions were lucky enough to have some semblance of wit and talent behind them, but the others of this ilk were almost beyond belief or consideration. Reviewers and the public alike were hard-pressed during this period to come up with variations of the word "junk". Sensitivity was replaced by sadism, and good taste was exchanged for senseless violence.

In 1958 alone, six *Frankenstein*-related films were released! One being the Hammer sequel. The only other film of any worth was the Boris Karloff vehicle **FRANKENSTEIN 1970**. This brought the Nazi-disfigured Victor Frankenstein to our present day so he could revive his monster with atomic power. The masked monster goes on a rampage until the two are destroyed in an energy stream. Afterwards, the creature is unmasked to reveal a young, unscarred Victor.

Even after this poignant chapter, Hollywood would not leave the legend alone. **I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN** attested to that. Many figured that was about as far as a series could sink.

Wrong again. **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** appeared as the misshapen Sally Todd, even though she was not really related to the Frankenstein family at all. Quickly following that was a tale of what might happen if a poor man's Jack Pierce went crazy, **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER**. In this minor effort, a loco make-up man creates drugged grease paint to cause actors playing Frankenstein, the Wolfman, and a Neanderthal man to go bananas.

Then, as if taking time to breathe, the United States and Britain stopped making Frankenstein related films for awhile. But while we were relaxing, Mexico was as busy as butchers, hacking up our movies into their own south-of-the-border versions. Jesus Franco did a variation of the original **FRANKENSTEIN**, as well as his contemporaries completing **EL INFIERNO DEL FRANKENSTEIN**, and **EL TESTAMENTO DEL FRANKENSTEIN**. And, as if the monster hadn't suffered enough, two pornographic movies were made during the lull period, one by Mr. X-rating himself, Russ Meyer. Even the titles of these two are unprintable.

Mexico was not the only nation to get the monster message. Frankenstein joined a long line of gargantuan creatures by threatening Tokyo when **FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD**





The monster loses power, sight, and about a foot in height when Bela Lugosi steps in his boots for FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN.



The created and creator, in more ways than one! Glenn Strange and Boris Karloff in THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Throwing in everything but the kitchen sink, Hammer studios created what looks like an acute case of acne with complications! Christopher Lee suffers **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**.



Audiences were hard pressed to tell which was which when **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACEMONSTER** (believe it or not, this was FRANK.)



The oriental Frankenstein doesn't seem to want to dance with Barugon in **FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD**.

appeared from the orient in 1964. Thankfully, it disappeared soon after. 1964 also saw the one glimmer of light, in a decade, that Frankenstein was allowed. **THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN** was Hammer's honest attempt at getting back into form by co-producing the film with Universal. This collaboration allowed them to use a Pierce-like make-up on Australian wrestler Kiwi Kingston, and spend a little more time in the production. But because of the mass of monster movies already in release, this honest little film was completely overlooked.

In 1965, the film world threw some more sulphur in the wound by releasing two of the worst travesties ever inflicted on the viewing public. **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER** was bad enough, with its shoe-string budget, bad photography, and garish soundtrack; but the following **JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** was almost enough to make one swear off movies entirely!

As far as Frankenstein goes, 1966 was a bit easier on the eyes. But just a bit, for Hammer unloosed its **FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN**. She was well-endowed but, unfortunately, not with talent. Essentially, it was another gruesome tale of the obsessed doctor seeking souls to transfer. At first, he simply revives a homely girl, supplying her with a beauty's body. But then he includes the soul of an executed murderer! The shapely beast finds an ax and joins the writers of this film by becoming a hack.

This less-than-prime year was rounded out (or lopped off) by a movie adaptation of the popular tv show, *The Munsters*, and was as dull as the video program, only longer.

Although the Frankenstein creation did appear several times again before the turn of the decade, no production was a direct attempt to cash in on his now questionable reputation and name. He lumbered through the **CASINO ROYALE** set in 1967 and turned into John Lennon in the Beatle's feature length cartoon, **YELLOW SUBMARINE**. He then had his character enacted by Jon Voigt (in his first film) as a resurrected gangster in **FEARLESS FRANK** (1968).

So the "silly sixties" (as far as Frankenstein is concerned) came to an end. And the English, American, and Spanish cinemas tried to make it the "sickening seventies" by producing no less than seven Frankenstein-related films in 1970!

Hammer was responsible for a violent variation of the 1917 **LIFE WITHOUT SOUL** called **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED**, after which, they immediately tried to sell new-comer Ralph Bates as the not-so-good doctor in **THE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN**. We didn't buy either.

Santo, the Spanish cinema's superhero, battled artificial men and man-made monsters in both **SANTO CONTRA LA HIJA DE FRANKENSTEIN** and **SANTO Y BLUE DEMON CONTRA LOS MONSTROUS**. The silly and stupid were further represented by such films as **NECROPOLIS** (an



Dr. Frankenstein (Peter Cushing), a firm believer in disarmament, settles for a left hand this time, while his assistant is simply a young sew and sew during the new Paramount/Hammer production of **FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL**.



David Prowse, as Hammer's newest FRANKENSTEIN monster, is someone you wouldn't want to meet in a light alley!



Beauty and the Beast, 1975 style, from Hammer, as the lovely Madeline Smith faces FRANKENSTEIN's... MONSTER FROM HELL.

Italian "free-form" film), EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE, and DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN ON THE CAMPUS.

And as our new decade continues Frankenstein is more in evidence than ever! Not only has the original story been retold twice (first by Dan Curtis, and then by Jack Smight, director of AIRPORT 1975, HARPER, and THE ILLUSTRATED MAN) but Andy Warhol has gotten into the act as well! His recent version of FRANKENSTEIN in 3-D is an epic freak show with more gore than you can shake a bloody spear at!

Even as you finish this, Mel Brooks' (THE PRODUCERS, BLAZING SADDLES) YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN should be lumbering all over the country. With the talents of Gene Wilder as the doctor (and co-writer as well), the hilarious Marty Feldman as Igor, and the versatile Peter Boyle as the monster, the movie is an assured hit! And to the further joy of Frankenstein freaks everywhere, veteran Hammer director, Terence Fisher (HORROR OF DRACULA, THE MUMMY) has returned from retirement to helm Paramount's FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL. This seventh segment of the saga takes place in an insane asylum. Even lunatics and iron bars are unable to restrain Peter Cushing (returning as the doctor from continuing his experiments, and his soon completed monster from spreading terror! And so the saga continues. Where it will stop, none can say. Perhaps with the creation of a real Frankenstein...?



PLANET of the APES



Before the cameras roll: Preparing for the CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES are Don Murray as the human Governor and Roddy McDowell as the ape, Caesar.



Roddy McDowell, Kim Hunter, and Sal Mineo are not on a surfing safari; they have just completed their ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES.



Roddy McDowell distributes weapons preparatory to the CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES.

Don Murray wishes the gorillas would desist giving him all these oots, hands, and butts after their CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES.

In the Forbidden Zone, the elderly statesman Zaius (Maurice Evans) makes a point to the skies before his small group make their way BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES.



General Ursus and Dr. Zaius discuss politics in a steam bath. From BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES.



Noah Veen (left) and Ausfin Stoker make a point to apes Roddy McDowall (left) and Paul Williams (center) in BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES.



RODAN!



Rodan's mighty wingspan dwarfs a military jeep as both speed toward Tokyo.

MOVIE MONSTERS' OBSERVATION OF THE MONTH: The world is composed of many people, each with his own individual likes and dislikes. A film that we here at MM may consider brilliant, for instance, you, our public, might loathe. A good example of my precarious point is the introduction you are reading at this very moment. I run the terrifying risk of confusing both my editor (an unusually understanding chap, by the way) and my audience by submitting a piece entitled "Rodan", and yet kicking off the subject with a generalization so vague that any connection with Toho's titanic turkey might appear purely coincidental to some of my more literal readers. Actually, the point is quite clear upon closer examination. People, bless them, are so varied in their interests and opinions that virtually everything is liked by somebody sometime, even musically inspired sentences such as the one you've just read. Believe it or not, I actually know people who love

to eat frozen corn. No kidding! Then there's that otherwise normal youngster on my block who zips down to the local candy store each day, buys a pack of baseball cards, immediately tosses all the cards into the nearest wastepaper basket, then joyously gulps down that pitiable excuse for bubble gum included with the purchase. And can't you just feel it in your bones that somewhere on our troubled globe, right now, there's a somebody glued to his TV set, earnestly enjoying a repeat of *THE STARLOST*? Inconceivable though it may seem, these and other bizarre oddities do occur every so often, even to intelligent, open-minded madmen and women like ourselves.

Take, for a cruel example, the Japanese fantasy film. Now the Japanese monster movies present a virtually flawless case for my little theme. It isn't so much that the bulk of these are awful beyond belief, although they are. The point struggling for recognition is that there is an astoundingly large following for this kind of stuff. As a matter of fact, if the cult continues to grow at its present outrageous rate, it won't be long before it equals the size and momentum of the fantasy film followers who hate Japanese monster flicks. If any of you out there belong to this latter group, I fervently salute you. But if you do happen to be a Godzilla fan or a Mothra maven, please don't feel slighted in any way. It's simply that brilliant principle again about one monster fan's poison being another's raw flesh, or some reasonable facsimile thereof. And if it makes you feel any better, I have a startling confession to make which should make us friends again. My favorite television series for several years was *ASTRO BOY*!

Now that my reputation has been sufficiently dragged through the local muck and mire, I might as well hang what's left of my self esteem in the closet for the remainder of this ordeal. Our subject (in case anyone's forgotten) is *RODAN*, the story of a giant bird. Or Pterodactyl, for the paleontologists and spelling-bee wizards among us. The plot recalls the tragic tale of how two of these winged leviathans, husband and wife, terrorized Tokyo and devoured giant caterpillars before smoldering Mother Nature finally did them in at the film's fiery climax. Before delving into the diabolical details of the plot, let us pause for some caustic comments on the production . . .

All prejudice aside, *RODAN*, along with the original *GODZILLA, KING OF THE MONSTERS* and *THE MYSTERIANS*, is one of the most highly regarded Japanese fantasy outings. These films, offshoots of America's "giant dinosaur" syndrome of the mid to late fifties, took themselves rather seriously in the beginning, although the quality of the results was always somewhat debatable. The moody black-and-white photography featured in *GODZILLA* is certainly worth noting, but whether or not this can support the film as a whole is at

best uncertain. Ditto for the brilliant, almost ingeniously detailed special effects in *MYSTERIANS*, Japan's colorful answer to George Pal's *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. Their being considered as serious s-f is, in the final analysis, rather unlikely.

But who ever said Toho films was out to produce serious s-f? Entertaining is more the word, and these early efforts were certainly that. I can recall in my fragile youth tuning in New York's own local "Million Dollar Movie" (which, incidentally, used to show the same movie twice a day during the week and six times on the weekend during those prehistoric years of programming) and enjoying every repeated minute of either *RODAN* or *GODZILLA*. As a matter of nostalgia, I remember that my childhood ambition was to see *RODAN* in full, blazing color. For nobody—and I do mean nobody—had a color set way back then. And watching these giant creatures demolish city after city was a fun-filled memory that I'll never forget!

But even a child can see the tremendous difference in overall quality between a comparative "classic" like *RODAN* as opposed to some of the more recent grue like *GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER*. As mentioned earlier, these first films did take themselves seriously, an aspect totally abandoned after the "VS." cycle started in the early sixties proved to be more commercially successful. What kid could possibly be frightened by these humorless self-parodies? You can be sure, however, that those serie underground scenes in *RODAN* kept this youthful monster fan's nails neatly bitten down. We used to believe in all that stuff. Nightmares were nervously welcomed, and when our bedroom lights were shut at night, images of unimaginable horror plagued our tormented thoughts. It was wonderful!

It can be assumed that these early efforts were "played straight" simply because that was the type of thing everybody did during that era ('56-'59). After the genre tired itself out in the mid-sixties, Toho apparently felt that appealing directly to the "kiddie" audience was the best bet, and the "funny" monster romps were born. But whatever the reason, *RODAN* and the other early Tohos were extremely effective in their own right. Some of the cinematography in *RODAN* is very atmospheric, particularly during the "underground" sequences. Through a well staged flashback, we learn of the hatching of the monstrous creature deep beneath the earth, and witness it feasting on the giant insects that had claimed several human lives in the shadowy mine shafts and tunnels earlier in the film. Lighting and mobile camera-work all convey a sense of unearthly terror during these moments. This is a sharp contrast to Toho's later works.

Special effects for the film were also top-notch. Although this has been overused to death now, back in the late fifties it was quite breath-



Rodan has a few ideas of his own concerning urban renewal!

taking to watch cars, tanks, people and various other objects take instant flight every time Rodan passed overhead (MOTHRA cashed in on the same gimmick a few years later). Even the loyalist Ray Harryhausen fan will have to admit that many of the effects scenes are rather cleverly handled. I particularly like the shot with the first Rodan battling it out on the ground, while on the right hand side we can see the other beast winging his way through the skies. The miniatures, while looking like miniatures, are nevertheless painstakingly detailed and suggest a great deal of work by the prop department.

While RODAN is basically your usual run-of-the-mill "monster-destroys-city" type of story, it does feature a few interesting twists. Mystery and fright are first utilized with the sudden disappearance of several workers in the world's deepest mine. The plot then provides fear-frenzied viewers with a "red herring"; the giant insects. They seem to have been brought in on the one hand to set the mood for more terrifying things to come, and on the other hand to serve as a sort of scale when the new born Rodan easily gulps them down, further demonstrating the winged reptile's huge size. Another intelligent use of imagery is the streak of bellying white smoke that trails the beast, created by the friction of its supersonic wings. The film even manages to evoke a certain degree of dark poetry in its flaming climax, as one Rodan dies, and the other kills itself, almost rising to the call of nature by permitting its unnatural life to be expunged. Some nice stuff for just a "run-of-the-mill" monster flick, no?

But more than any one particular quality, RODAN's importance as a fantasy film lies in its overall dedication and responsiveness to its serious treatment. Sporting several well-directed and photographed scenes, a neatly worked out suspense plot and a satisfactory conclusion, the film stands today as the pinnacle of what the Japanese monster format can achieve, and is a proud, high flying ghost of a genre that for all practical purposes is now as extinct as the giant reptiles that inhabited it. But before you whip out your trusty handkerchief, let's take a long, loving look at the scarifying story that is RODAN...

BOOM! A curious, non-descript word, but totally apropos in this instance, for it symbolizes the explosion of a hydrogen bomb! One of the most terrifying inventions known to modern man, the bomb creates total and complete destruction, leveling mighty buildings before disintegrating them... melting solid steel... wiping out an entire city. An amazing scientific demonstration, yes, but will man be able to control it? And what about the after-effects that man has nothing to do with.

Can the human race continue to deliver these assaults against Nature without arousing, somewhere in the depths of the Earth, a reaction,

a counter-attack, a horror as yet undreamed of? There are some, even now, who claim that the horror has already begun...

Shigeru has lived all his life in his native town of Kitamatsu, a tiny mining village set deep in the volcanic mountains of one of Japan's island provinces. It was in these dark, forbidding mines that the first indication of "something wrong" was originally felt. It began with a fight between two workers, not in itself a strange occurrence but merely another example of the strange tension existing in the men that uneasy morning.

What was also extremely unsettling was the fact that the number eight mine was going too deep... far deeper than any the miners had ever worked. It was becoming dangerous! The faltering morale was worsened when news spread that, on this deep level, the floor had lately been creeping. It was Shigeru's job to take care of this kind of flooding problem. But the situation became even worse, and soon two miners were reported missing. This was the beginning, the beginning of that horror born in the bomb...

Days later the body of one man was found, hacked to pieces. He had been murdered;—more than murdered. He was slaughtered like an animal. Even in death there was a look of utter horror on his face, as though he had seen or experienced something too horrible to mention. The police suspected Goro, the missing miner, for the foul deed; but Shigeru knew that Goro was no killer. No man could do that which had been done to this victim! As the authorities nervously investigated mine number eight, one of the officers suddenly screamed. Before anyone could do anything to help, the man was dragged beneath the black waters of the creeping mine. A second investigator was pulled down also. The one surviving member of this ill-fated expedition succeeded in breaking away from his comrades and, faced through the shaking tunnel. But he did not survive for long. It, whatever it was, followed him to his brutal death. Soon after, the mangled bodies were removed from the mine and taken to the hospital. The doctor discovered that the men had died not only from the wounds, but also from shock! The village, once a calm and tranquil place, was now stricken with unbearable fear!

Shigeru then visited his fiancée, Kiyo, who was also the sister of the missing miner, Goro, originally thought to have been the killer. Upset by the recent tragedies, Kiyo wept before gently agreeing to leave the terror-stricken community with Shigeru. Suddenly the entire house began to shake, and the two lovers were confronted with a sight of unbearable horror! A huge, gigantic insect lumbered into Kiyo's home, smashing through the windows and destroying everything in its path. The pair succeeded in escaping the death-trap unharmed, but it was certainly clear now what was



The winged terror topples an entire building with but one swipe!



Just a small portion of the havoc wreaked by RODAN.



Rocket fire turns Rodan's home into a flaming ash hole.

responsible for those horrible murders. The local police hunted the horrid creature down and contacted the army for reinforcements. Upon one of the village's great slopes, the final battle occurred. Several men lost their lives before the huge beast was finally stilled. The wounds on these victims were identical to those that appeared on the dead miners.

Finding Goro became an obsession with Shigeru. While most agreed that the missing miner was probably dead, an element of doubt still remained in Shigeru's mind. Accompanying the army squads in the dreaded shaft eight, he cautiously led the fear-frenzied way through the flooded pit. Before long, they found what they had been searching for . . . Goro's body. But before they could even attempt to remove the corpse, an army of the giant bugs attacked the men! Bullets had little effect against the armor-plated nightmares that savagely charged the hopeless human beings. Shigeru, familiar with the instruments and weapons of the mine, boarded one of the coal tram-cars and rammed it straight into the monstrous insects! The creatures were stopped, but the mighty force of the impact caused a near-fatal cave-in, and the hero of the episode, Shigeru, was trapped beneath tons of falling earth.

As the rescue squads continued to dig for Shigeru, a series of terrible earthquakes began to strike the district. Dr. Kashiwagi and representatives of the Earthquake Institute inspected some of the affected areas, and, much to their amazement, discovered the dazed Shigeru wandering about at the bottom of a volcanic pit! Rushed to a nearby

hospital, the young miner was soon found to be in good physical shape, but his memory was utterly gone. Was it the impact of the cave-in that caused this, or was there something more unusual, more horrible, that snuffed the very senses from the courageous young man? Anyway, Dr. Kashiwagi concluded that the giant insects that had claimed so many lives in the mine were actually a species of prehistoric insect that once roamed the Earth. Photographs of the monsters were shown to Shigeru to help revive the gruesome, yet jolting memories of the past. This attempt did not succeed. Even fiancée Kiyo could not break him out of his wall of shock.

Meanwhile, strange things were happening in other parts of the world. Various reports of unidentified flying objects filled newsrooms and sparked inquisitive questions. A plot claimed to have seen a fantastic object traveling at supersonic speed before his aircraft was literally obliterated when the object leveled off and turned in the pilot's direction. All that remained was a blood-stained helmet! Other reports began to come in from different sources, claiming more air tragedies and sightings.

Locally, the people of Kyushu had their own problems. Mount Toya volcano, so long inactive, once again began to growl and threaten the community with eruption. While the authorities tried their best to block visitors from the danger area, a number of sight-seers did manage to get through the barrier. For instance, a young couple on a photographic expedition was killed by some unknown force. The police developed their film,



and discovered something too incredible to believe. One of the photos revealed the wing of some huge, impossible bird!

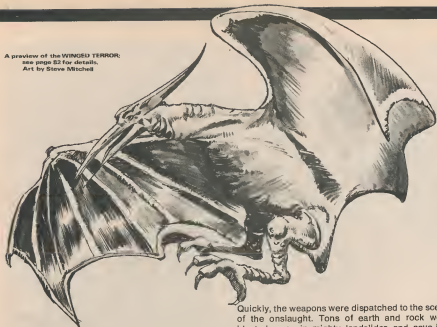
Shigeru was still in a state of shock at this point. But when Kiyo asked him to watch the hatching eggs of her two pet birds, his memory began to lift. Slowly the pieces began to come together . . . the horrible truth, the ordeal that no man should have gone through. Alone in the bowels of the earth, in the blackness, surrounded by scores of the hellish prehistoric insects, Shigeru remembered the nightmare he had experienced. A gigantic egg, as large as a mountain, stood before the terrified miner. As the ground beneath his feet trembled, the huge object began to sway back and forth, before a huge crack appeared down the center. Shigeru's eyes were fixed on its top. With the force of a hurricane, the shell exploded, revealing a creature such as no man had ever seen before. A prehistoric dinosaur! The cavern echoed with its horrifying bellows, roaring in defiance against this alien world into which it had been born. Shigeru watched in horror as the monster devoured the giant insects that had slashed so many of his friends.

His mind completely recovered, Shigeru agreed to lead an expedition back into the caves

to find some proof of his strange story. It was a terrifying downward trek, every man realizing the possible danger that might lie ahead. They were seeking a monster, a monster that had been hatched from an egg! How could prehistoric monsters stir from their long death, the men thought, to move about the Earth again? The only answer to that could be they never really died! They only slept. The miners had dug too deeply for their coal and awakened them to destroy the world. Shigeru looked around him. He could remember the smell of the thing . . . a cool, evil smell that sent his flesh crawling! The expedition finally discovered a piece of the eggshell. Shigeru's horrible vision was all too true!

After examining the find, the local scientists determined that the creature that hatched from it, a prehistoric monster from Earth's dim past, was of a species called "Rodan". Dr. Kashiwagi believed that millions of years ago, the egg had been hermetically sealed. It was then buried by a volcanic landslide, until atomic explosions fractured the Earth's crust millions of years later, admitting air and water. This warm water caused the egg to hatch. The doctor advised the air force to patrol the mine area and the volcano where the monster was born.

A preview of the **WINGS OF TERROR**:
see page 52 for details.
Art by Steve Mitchell



It wasn't long before news of Rodan reached the outside world. Every nation kept a constant watch for the terrifying creature, who finally surfaced from that same volcanic pit that Shigeru had been discovered in days ago. Looming into the air, the mightiest creature that ever breathed took instant flight, overturning jeeps and soldiers in the process. Further startling the authorities was the discovery of a second Rodan, a mate, who followed the first into the air and in the general direction of populated cities! Swift aircraft rushed to the scene, but their efforts proved useless against the prehistoric ferocity of these monarchs of the air. The city of Sasebo was the first target. In one swoop, the mighty Sasebo Bridge collapsed under the impact of Rodan's tremendous flying pressure. People boarded up their shops and hid in shelters. The entire city was soon in flames, and anyone caught in the middle didn't stand a chance. Efforts to stop the monsters were futile. The city was burning down, and there wasn't a thing anyone could do to stop it.

After this initial holocaust, the Rodans seemingly disappeared. Dr. Kashiwagi concluded that the creatures, being reptiles, had gone into hibernation. This was the chance humanity had been searching for! The monsters were resting in the side of a volcanic mountain near Kitamatsu. It was the army's plan to bombard the volcano with tank fire and missiles, causing it to erupt.

Quickly, the weapons were dispatched to the scene of the onslaught. Tons of earth and rock were blasted away in mighty landslides and cave-ins. The Rodans, watching the danger from their cave in the volcano, roared in defiance.

Suddenly the disturbance caused by the attack caused the terrible volcano to erupt! Streams of lava poured down the mountainside, as one of the Rodans took flight and prepared to leave the area. The creature then turned to look back at its mate, who was not so fortunate and was dying in the lava smoke and fumes. It tried one last time to join Rodan, then slid gently back into the burning lava on the side of the mountain.

As Kiyo turned to weep on Shigeru's shoulder, he realized the Rodans were doomed. The heat, the gases, the bombardment added to their bewilderment. Like moths in those rivers of fire, they seemed almost to welcome the agonies of death. And when, still calling to each other, one of them fell at last into the molten lava stream, the other refused to save itself. The last of their kind, masters of the air and Earth, the strongest, swiftest creatures that ever breathed, now they sank against the Earth like weary children.

Shigeru realized now, that by the narrowest of margins, man had proved himself the stronger. But would it always be so? May not other and more terrible monsters even now be stirring in the darkness? And when they at last spring upon the world, can man be certain that he shall beat them back a second time? Only time—and fate—can tell that tale.



MOVIE
MONSTERS



A Transylvanian diplomat or a Russian aristocrat, perhaps. But is he really the evil incarnate that is Count Dracula?

Remembering **BELA**

It was quite a few years ago when the names of Karloff and Lugosi brought fear and uneasiness into the hearts of nearly everyone. For the most part, those days are long gone! And we, with the apparent advantage of something known as hindsight, are able to look back and re-evaluate the things which seemed so incredibly important at the time.

One of these seemingly important phases of our collective past was the screen image of Mr. Bela Lugosi. For a time Lugosi had everyone believing he was a real vampire, or if he wasn't, he should be. This strange personality allowed him the relative freedom that comes with modest stardom. His screen "debut" in early silent films like *THE SILENT COMMAND* (1923) and *THE REJECTED WOMAN* (1924) can be seen as the prologue to a career that would span nearly three decades. After touring the country as a "legitimate" stage actor—most notably as Count Dracula in the play of the same name (around 1927)—he was again smitten by the acting bug. The siren's call of Hollywood was strong and Lugosi was quite receptive.

In 1930 he returned to Hollywood and made two modest little films. It wasn't until 1931 that he really hit the big time. His assignment was to recreate the role he had made famous on Broadway—the granddaddy of all vampires—for Universal and Tod Browning's "classic" *DRACULA*. The film only remains a classic due to the fact that it opened the way for better films to follow in the wake of its early success. Today *DRACULA* seems





Even the original poster fails to create the proper mood of terror that should be synonymous to the name of DRACULA.

labored and stiff, a product of its obvious stage origin. But primitive as it was, DRACULA was effective enough to cause Lugosi to be elevated to the prestigious ranks of grand low-level entertainment.

His rise to fame was short, and he didn't go very far. His obvious garish appeal made him the number one candidate for almost every new Universal horror subject contemplated by Carl Laemmle and his associates. Almost immediately after the completion of DRACULA Lugosi was offered the role of the patchwork monster in the screen version of Mary Shelley's classic "romance" FRANKENSTEIN. He refused the part in James Whale's film claiming that the role of the monster required too much make-up and too little dialogue. As everyone, except the most obscure hermit, is aware, Lugosi's refusal gave a promising young actor named Karloff the opportunity to try his hand at playing Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN. The rest is history.

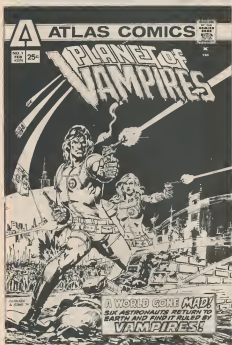
So while Lugosi went on to play roles which required little make-up and large speeches composed of more than just mono-syllabic grunts, Karloff climbed his way up the ladder of true success. There seemed to be something in Lugosi's personality which stopped him from ever attaining the overwhelming popularity of Karloff. Maybe it was his unique foreign appearance, or his immediate stereotyping as a vampire or perhaps his chronic illness which forced the career of Mr. Lugosi down the path of type-cast obscurity. So, while Karloff was cranking out biggies like SCARFACE, OLD DARK HOUSE, and THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, Lugosi was floating thru such 'memorable' films as WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS, BLACK CAMEL and the ultimate in strange camp taste THE DEATH KISS.

Then, someone at Universal got the bright idea of featuring Hollywood's two most gruesome actors in a "series" of films. This move would not only unite Karloff and Lugosi for posterity, but it would also seal the fate of a rapidly middle-aging Bela. Starting with THE BLACK CAT (1934) and working its way through such other features as THE RAVEN (1935), THE INVISIBLE RAY (1936) and the epic THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (1939), it was more than obvious that Lugosi was only small potatoes next to a talent like Karloff. In the interim, Karloff had portrayed THE MUMMY, THE GHOUL and a host of other classic characterizations. Lugosi, on the other hand, was thrust into such self-parodies as INTERNATIONAL HOUSE (1934)—a bizarre Universal comedy with W. C. Fields and an army of vaudeville comedians, or else was made to grovel with too much make-up and too little dialogue in THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (ironic, isn't it?). Whereas Karloff had started slow and built himself up Lugosi, as it were, started at the top and quickly beat a path to the door of "B" grade popularity.

The strange thing is that Lugosi's career has spawned a cult of avid admirers. These well-



The sin-eggy Lugosi in an awkward stance on the
Castle Dracula stairs.



New comic keeps tradition alive!

meaning fanatics tend to overlook the tons of trash produced by their hauntingly alluring hero, and elevate his few classic portrayals. For every DRACULA there was a ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY, for every Ygor there were countless BLACK SLEEPS, and for every BLACK CAT there must have been several MOTHER REILY AND THE VAMPIRE's. The time has come to put Lugosi in perspective. Granted, he was probably Hollywood's most perfect vision of continental vampirism, but to play every role thereafter in constant fear of the dawn is a bit much. Somehow Lugosi was content to wallow in the muck of B pictures, while other clammy hams (like John Carradine and George Zucco) went on to the big time. It seems that almost everyone could rise to the occasion and give a straight performance. Everyone, that is, except "darlink" Bela. He was a one-dimensional actor. Let's face it, the only time he moved beyond the bounds of his self-contained nightmare was when the assignments given him were structured in such a way that even Lassie would look good in them.

Probably the low point in Lugosi's career came in the 1940's, and his string of super-low-budget-quickies made for a variety of independent companies. If one can talk about "the best of the worst", then Lugosi's two pictures with the Bowery Boys must take the cake. SPOOKS RUN WILD (1941) and GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE (1943) were memorable for allowing Lugosi to goof-off with a bunch of professional goof-offs. The plots, if they had such a thing, were centered on the fact that Lugosi was supposed to be frightening to look at. If rumors are at all accurate, Bela was said to set on the set in mute silence, huddled in some remote corner, maliciously staring at people until it was his time to act in a scene. Who knows? After years of playing vampires and what-have-you, maybe he began to really act like one. Regardless of Lugosi's personal life, his public life on the screen betrayed a definite lack of subtlety. He couldn't deliver a line without being melodramatic. It worked to a definite advantage in dumb films like those made with Huntz Hall and the Bowery Boys gang. But once he started making "serious" pictures, it was all over!

It's funny, but no one ever told him to quit hamming it up. Or if they did, never got any results. Just one look (believe me, that's enough) will convince even the most faithful Lugosi fan that BLACK DRAGONS, THE CORPSE VANISHES, THE APE MAN and its mighty "sequel" THE RETURN OF THE APE MAN are poor excuses for movies. But more, Lugosi's performances are also poorly excused. The charm of Browning's DRACULA had worn off at least ten years earlier, but Bela was still delivering his "I never drink vine"-kind-of-lines consistently throughout his Monogram years.

But of all the mis-fires, the ones that get the greatest laughs and queer looks of disbelief are VOODOO MAN (1944) and PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE (1956). The first film has Lugosi as



Bela Lugosi points the town just to the ACULA.



Bela Lugosi's mysterious entrance doesn't seem to impress a potential victim.

a deranged scientist who performs experiments on unsuspecting young girls in the hopes of finding a cure to bring his wife out of her zombie-like trance. And speaking of zombies, that must have been the state of the director William Beaudine and the rest of the crew at Monogram. Dumb, Dumb, Dumb! But for all its dumbness, it is head and shoulders above **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE**. In this film, Lugosi's last (he died during production), he returns to the type of role that made him famous—that of an enigmatic vampire. Only this time, the undying monster is not from Transylvania but rather from some remote planet far out in space. The plan of **PLAN 9** is simple. Use the Earth as a giant McDonald's for hungry vampires. They just drive up in their spaceships, zip down for a quick bite, and zip back. The only thing missing was the secret sauce, and maybe perhaps Ronald McDonald!

When one stops to consider Lugosi's request of being buried in a large "Dracula" cape, a few things finally start taking shape. He was bananas! But regardless of the overwhelming information which persists showing how Lugosi was obsessed with the whole vampire image, he is still thought of as a benign and kindly old man. Unlike Karloff, who really was a letter perfect opposite of his film image, Lugosi was dark and mysterious. Perhaps he liked it that way. Perhaps he enjoyed privacy.

In all, if one were forced to make a choice as to what film captures the essence of Mr. Lugosi, the honors must go to **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN** (1948). There are some strong runners up—films like **THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE**, **CHANDU**, or his virtuous Vitus Verdegast in **THE BLACK CAT**. (We must eliminate **DRACULA** from the proceedings, in order to make the contest fair). Getting back to the farce, not only did Lugosi once again don the fangs and cape that brought him worldwide fame and lots of weird friends, but it gave us the Frankenstein monster, Glenn Talbot alias Lon Chaney, Jr. *à la* The Wolfman, the invisible man, and strange Jane Randolph. This omnibus type of horror film, pioneered by Universal in the 1940's, seemed to typify all that Lugosi and his twenty-odd years of film acting stood for—canned ham. And who better to act as foil for the mighty minions of black horror than Abbott and Costello. The production is slick, the dialogue is quick, and the parody is dead center. **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN** somehow stands as the last gasp of Universal and its family of horrible stars.

Somewhere in the world, a book on the films of Bela Lugosi is being compiled. When his full story is told, some of the icing and glitter will be removed to expose an actor whose potential was never fully realized in the American Cinema.

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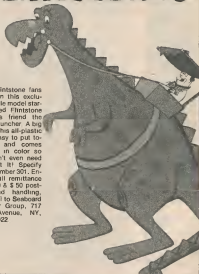
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DOC SAVAGE



The men of adventure scout evil at the North Pole.



George Pal (producer/director), shown at right, and Ron Ely behind the scenes for DOC SAVAGE.



Doc Savage prepares to perform some scientific wizardry.



Monk and his pet pig, *habeas corpus*.



Neither rain, nor snow stops the Man of Bronze.

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MONSTERLAND

All of the films listed below were made in a different country. Simply match the movie to the nation and send your answer to CREATUREALM. All readers who score 100% will find their names listed in MOVIE MONSTERS #4.

SWORD AND THE DRAGON	FRANCE
MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS	ENGLAND
HORROR OF DRACULA	JAPAN
CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI	UNITED STATES
VARAN THE UNBELIEVABLE	ITALY
JOURNEY TO THE 7TH PLANET	DENMARK
REPTILICUS	CZECHOSLOVAKIA
BLACK SUNDAY	GERMANY
PLANETS AGAINST US	RUSSIA
FANTASTIC PLANET	SWEDEN
FANTASTIC VOYAGE	MEXICO

LEGEND OF THE LOST

Last issue, we ran the first in a series of Unknown Photos. Its identity (along with the names of readers who correctly guessed the film's title) will be revealed in the 3rd issue of MM. Meanwhile, get the Monster Memory cracking with this spaced-out shot. Demon detectives who recognize the film will find their names listed in our 4th issue.



WIN A FULL COLOR MONSTER PIC!

How many fantasy films can you name with the word 'Monster' or 'Monsters' in its title? There are dozens of 'em—but the reader who comes up with the most titles will have his name and list published in MM #4, and will win, in addition, a rare, full color photograph of a famous filmmonster! Why not start with MONSTER ON THE CAMPUS...?

DEMONOTES

FOR EXPERTS ONLY! Match the composer to the film in which his music appears. One lucky reader who correctly figures which musician belongs to which movie will win a rare monster movie soundtrack album.

B. Herrmann	GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD
M. Steiner	KING KONG
J. Goldsmith	JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS
F. Waxman	BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES
D. Frontiere	OUTER LIMITS (tv show)
L. Rosenman	PLANET OF THE APES
E. Bernstein	BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
M. Rosza	ROBOT MONSTER
M. Nascimbene	ONE MILLION YEARS, BC
J. Moross	VALLEY OF GWANGI

SCRAMBLED UGHS!

All the movies in this category featured a caveman of some sort. Unscramble the name of the film and mail to CREATUREALM. One lucky contestant who scores 100% will win an 8 x 10 glossy still of a film caveman!

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NNNAAEEDRTHLM
GTOR
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SUPMCAEHTNORETSMON
CSBRAEYNOILLIMENO
NEHWSRUASONIDDELUREHHTHRAE
HETDLRWOOFRBTOSERUAERTC

RODAN LIVES!

If you enjoyed this issue's RODAN article, you won't want to miss the debut of his cousin, THE WINGED TERROR, in the second issue of MOVIE MONSTERS' companion magazine WEIRD TALES OF THE MACABRE.

THE WINGER TERROR is the star of an eight page comic story written by Gabe Levy and drawn by Sal Trapani. It tells the tale of a monster pterodactyl that rises from a fissure to menace all of Los Angeles and San Francisco.

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